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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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LIEU^T.

GIBSON:





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THE
TELL-TALE: K

OR,
ANECDOTES

Expressive of the
CHARACTERS of PERSONS

Eminent for
RANK, LEARNING, WIT,
OR
HUMOUR.

Collected from the
Best AUTHORS and best COMPANIONS:
For the IMPROVEMENT of
YOUTH in CONVERSATION.

— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnus plerumque secatur res:
HOR.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :
Printed for R. BALDWIN, at the Rose in
Pater-noster-Row. 1756.

THE
TWO-TALE
OF
AND COTTES

CHAPTER OF PERSONS

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P R E F A C E.

THE Art of pleasing in Conversation is so necessary a Requisite in every Man's Journey thro' Life, that I have often wondered why the great Masters of Antiquity, so negligently pass'd over this Branch of a young Man's Study, while they took such Pains to impress upon the Mind Habits that unavoidably produce a quite contrary Effect. An austere Gravity and affected Taciturnity were taught in the Schools of the Antients as the highest Accomplishments of those born to command; while Sprightliness and Loquacity, gay and enlivening Sallies of Wit and Humour, were thought to degrade high Characters, and were admitted as tolerable only in those of inferior Rank.

This Doctrine is not peculiar to the Schools of the Antients; the Learned of our own Times too often bring into Society the Stiffness of the College; and, though they lay aside the Scholar's Gown, disdain to smooth the Wrinkles of their Brows, or to disorder the Stiffness and Solemnity of their Features, by the Smiles of Hilarity and the Dimples of Laughter.

Nor is this superlative Gravity confined to those who converse only with Books; to the surly Philosopher, or to the solemn Divine. Every one may find, among his Acquaintance, Persons who are equally dull by Nature, and morose by Habit; who enter into Company not to please by their Conversation, but to check all Mirth by an impertinent Severity; on whose Countenances Joy never sparkles, and in whose Breasts the Pleasures of Society can have no Place. These behave to the World as a Master to his Servants; and being ever upon the Reserve themselves,

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selves, necessarily lay every body else under the same Restraint.

Characters of this Stamp are by no Means desirable, since they excite no Emulation, and since none who have aim'd at Popularity have ever endeavour'd to imitate. On the other hand, the sprightly, chearful Companion who is continually striking out new Subjects of Mirth and Good humour, while he is joyous himself, diffuses Joy to every one about him. Such a facetious merry Mortal is formed to amuse, to enliven and divert, and as the Pleasure of others seems to be his sole Aim, their Approbation is bestowed as his necessary Reward, and when Approbation is once gained, Affection, if it does not always accompany it, is seldom out of Call. Where-ever this Man leads, his Companions will follow. But as the brightest Genius will sometimes flag, and be incapable of exerting his Powers, the following Work will afford innumerable seasonable Hints, and Memory will supply the Defects of Imagination.

It is not every one, however, that can attain the happy Talent of enlivening Conversation. Sprightly Starts of Wit, pleasing Sallies of Imagination, and all the Quickness and Smartness of Repartee, are not to be acquired by Rule. The Wit indeed may inspire Wit, but his Influences will last no longer than his Presence; and those who attempt to *keep up the Ball*, generally have Cause to repent of their Folly. The Authors who have written upon this Subject have already exhausted the Ridicule to which those who affect to please, without the necessary Requisites, always expose themselves, whenever they aspire at any thing like Pleasantry; but tho' all cannot arrive at the Art of pleasing, they may at least go so far as not to disgust.—They may do more, they may reap Advantage from borrowed Wit, and gain Applause from a Tale of *Swift*, or add fresh Sprightliness to a languid Conversation, by a Pun of *Ben. Johnson*.

But the Persons for whom the following Sheets were principally written are those who distinguish themselves in Con-
versa-

versation by the agreeable Way in which they tell a Story. These by an Archness in their Manner, a droll Turn of Expression, and the Imitation of the peculiar Accent of the Country of the Persons they mention, constantly fix Attention, and are listened to with Pleasure. By this happy Art they lead the Laugh, and whenever they please are sure of gaining Applause. But it has been observed, that these, more than any other, are liable to one great Impropriety, and that is, several Times repeating the same Story in the same Company; an Impropriety which this Work is directly calculated to remedy, by affording them a Fund of new Matter, by which their Capacity of entertaining will be prodigiously enlarged.

That the Power of pleasing in Conversation may be made more general than is usually imagined, and that many who are unwillingly silent in Company, may be furnish'd with the Means of displaying their Abilities to Advantage, is a Truth, that, I think, may easily be demonstrated. The Man of Good-sense,
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who takes care to stock his Mind with proper Materials, tho' he may want the sudden Flash of Wit, may yet shine with a bright and steady Blaze, and by the Force of Good-humour and the Knowledge of Men and Things, may instruct and please without having Recourse to a Pun or a pointed Jest; and give a noble and rational Delight, without setting the Table on a Roar. He may keep up the Sprightliness of Conversation, and animate it with Life and Spirit, by illustrating his Remarks with real Characters, remarkable Events, historical Narrations, and Incidents drawn from the Lives of the most distinguished Personages.

This Accomplishment was hitherto only to be obtained by great Reading, and the Use of a Number of Books; but here, the following small Volumes answer the Purpose of a Library, as they are collected from a great Number of the most celebrated Works, and calculated to furnish abundant Matter for Conversation, by enabling the judicious Reader to introduce almost any Subject, and to pursue and enliven it with some agreeable

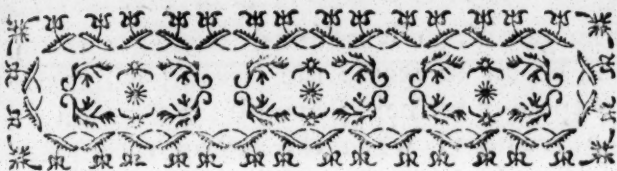
able and pertinent Anecdote, dignified with real Characters, which do Honour to the Speaker.

Thus, were a Gentleman discoursing of Generosity of Spirit, how happily might he introduce an Instance of this Virtue in the noble Manner in which the Duke of *Bedford* behaved to the Wife of one of his poor Tenants; or in Mr. *Quin*'s generous Behaviour to the ingenious Mr. *Thomson*. Were the Bravery of the *English* Troops the Subject, with what Propriety might he introduce our Embassador's Answer to the King of *Prussia*, who desired to know, if he thought there were a Corps in *England* that could beat an equal Number of his tall Grenadiers? Or, how aptly might he mention the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Speech to General *Cadogan* on his furnishing Backplates for the Soldiers?

In short, these genuine Anecdotes must be of the greatest Service to every one who would shine in Conversation, and we have taken all imaginable Pains to render it as perfect as possible. The
Works,

Works of this Kind have been constantly collected from Performances of the same Nature ; but this is compiled from the Authors themselves, our most celebrated Biographers and Historians, and there are added a Variety of curious Particulars relating to the most distinguished Personages, which have been preserved in the Closets of their Friends, and were never before made publick.





ANECDOTES, &c.

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EMINENT PERSONS.



DOCTOR Hough, late bishop of Worcester, was remarkable for his sweetness of temper, as well as every other christian virtue, of which the following story affords a proof. A young gentleman, whose family had been well acquainted with the bishop, in making the tour of England before he went abroad, called to pay his respects to his lordship as he passed by his seat in the country. It happened to be dinner-time, and the room full of company. The bishop however received him with much familiarity, but the servant in reaching him a chair, threw down a curious weather-glass that had cost twenty guineas, and broke it.

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The gentleman was under infinite concern and began to excuse the servant, and make an apology for being himself the occasion of the accident; when the bishop with great good-nature interrupted him, *Be under no concern, Sir, said his lordship, smiling, for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry season; and now I hope we shall have rain. I never saw the glass so low in my life.* Every body was pleased with the humour and pleasantry of the turn; and the more so, as his lordship was then turn'd of eighty, a time of life when the infirmities of old-age make most men peevish and hasty.

Mr. K—ne, an alderman of Lynn in Norfolk, father to the famous ambassador of that name, and to the present right rev. bishop of C—ster, who was then in orders but without any preferment, thought it his duty to wait upon Sir Robert Walpole, the first time he came to Houghton-Hall after his son had been honoured with a public character in Spain. As Sir Robert was at that time prime-minister, most of the noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood were come likewise to compliment him on his arrival in the country. Sir Robert, however, received the alderman with uncommon civility, and taking him to the company introduced him in this manner; *My lords and gentlemen, I have the honour of a visit from Mr. alderman K—ne here,*

here, father to the ablest minister his majesty has abroad; And (said the honest, old, plain country alderman, without the least hesitation) give me leave to add, my lords and gentlemen, — to one also of the poorest ministers his majesty has at home. This seasonable reply, in all probability, laid the foundation of that post of eminence in the church which the present bishop of C — r now fills with so much honour to himself and satisfaction to the public; for he was in a very little while afterwards presented to the fine living of Stanhope in the diocese of Durham, and from thence promoted to his present dignity.

The late lord Waldegrave, on abjuring the catholic religion, was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years; and one day being at an entertainment, at which many noblemen were present, his cousin, the duke of Berwick, who was disgusted and wanted to mortify him, took occasion to speak of religion, and in the course of the conversation, asked his lordship to say frankly, whether the ministers of state, or the ministers of the gospel had the greatest share in his conversion? To which the earl with no less humour than vivacity reply'd, *Truly, my lord duke, you must excuse me; for when I quitted the Roman Catholic Religion, I left off confession.* This unexpected answer turned the laugh

upon the duke, who never after attempted to be witty on so serious a subject.

General Kirk, who commanded at Tangier for many years, upon his return home in king James II'd's time, when the army began to be new modelled, being a gallant officer, was press'd by his majesty to become a proselyte to the Roman faith, as the most acceptable means of recommending himself to favour and preferment.—The general, when the king had done speaking, expressed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his majesty's desire, because, he was really pre-engaged. His majesty smiled, and asked him what he meant? *Why, truly,* answered Kirk, *when I was abroad, I promised the emperor of Morocco, that if ever I changed my religion, I would turn Mahometan—and I never did break my word in my life, and must beg leave to say, I never will.*

While the reverend Basil Kennet was chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, tho' the English exercised their religion with the utmost caution and privacy he met with great opposition from the papists, and was in great danger from the inquisition: they had given secret orders to apprehend him, and to hurry him away to Pisa, and there dispose of him in the most rigid manner. Upon notice of this design, Dr. Newton, the English envoy
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at Florence, interposed his offices at that court, but could obtain no other answer, than that he might send for the British preacher, and keep him in his own family as his domestic chaplain, otherwise he must take the consequences, for in religious matters the court of Inquisition was superior to all civil powers. The envoy communicated this answer to the earl of Sunderland, then principal secretary to queen Anne, who returned for answer in her majesty's name, that if any affront was offered to the British chaplain at Leghorn, her fleets should take satisfaction. This answer being communicated to the great duke, and by him to the pope, his holiness reply'd, *That the canons of the church and the cannons of the fleet were two things; and therefore the matter in dispute might be dispensed with, as there were no likelihood of engaging upon equal terms.*

A curate of great learning and merit, but without any view of preferment, found an opportunity of preaching in Worcester cathedral, when Dr. Hough, already spoken of, was bishop of that see; the curate made a most excellent discourse in which he discovered greater abilities than was usually found in the common run of young clergymen. The bishop, who was present, and had remark'd him, sent after service was over his verger, with a message, desiring to know of the young gen-

tleman his name, and where his *living* was? My duty to his lordship, Sir, said he to the verger, and tell him, *my name is Lewis; that living I have none, but my starving is in Wales.* His lordship was not displeased with the humour of his answer, and in a short time remembered to provide for him.

Dr. Lancelot Blackburne, archbishop of York, in his younger years, its said, had been a buccaneering, upon which was founded the following story when he was become dean of Exeter. Two of his former shipmates slept into church accidentally while he was in the pulpit a preaching. They were quite strangers to his new way of life, and could hardly believe their eyes or ears. One of them as they were coming out of church after the service was ended, in the hearing of the dean, swore a great oath, *that he that preached to-day must be Lancy or the Devil. It must be the Devil,* then, reply'd the other, *for I'll be d--n'd if Lancy has not been bang'd long before now. I should be sorry for that,* said the dean, joining them, *for my profession is to save souls, and the loss of an old friend's would grieve me.* All were in raptures at meeting one another so unexpectedly; and in the course of the conversation which was carried on with sea-faring freedom, it was ask'd, how such a wicked d--g as Lancy had been, could ever think of turning priest? *Oh, oh!* said the dean, *the greater the sinner, the better the saint.*

saint. I hope, bad as I have been, to be a good archbishop before I die ; which accordingly came to pass, tho' he had no likelyhood of any such preferment when he spoke the words.

Dr. King, who had been many years archbishop of Dublin, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsey, the primate of Ireland died, made claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The reason alledged was as mortifying as the refusal. but the archbishop had no opportunity of shewing his resentment except to the new prelate Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining-room parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, *My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because you know, I am too old to rise.*

When king James I. was called to the throne of England, the lords and commons vied with each other in congratulations on his happy accession ; and this being reported

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to lord Montrose, who was at the head of affairs in Scotland in order to please him, as he was known to entertain a great affection for his majesty, his lordship was observed to look very grave upon it, and with a sorrowful countenance ; *By my saul, mon*, said he to the person that brought him the news, *I much feared it, for yon foolish folk will spoil a gawed king.*

At the first masquerade his late majesty king George was at, there happened an accident that did great honour to his good-nature ; a lady mask'd whose name was not known, followed the king as if she took him for a stranger, and invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the beaufets, to which he readily comply'd ; and the lady filling a bumper, said, *Here, mask, the pretender's health.* Then filling another bumper, presented it to the king, who received it with a smile, saying, *I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes.* As many eyes were upon them the affair was soon known thro' the whole assembly, and every one applauded his majesty's reply.

During the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, Sir John Howorth of Surry, one of Cromwell's knights, and attach'd to his party, was sued by the minister of the parish for tythes. While the suit was depending, Sir John fancied

cied the parson preached at him every Sunday. Whereupon he complained to the protector, who having heard the parson's defence, and that he only preached in general terms against whoremongers, drunkards, liars, thieves and robbers, he dismissed the knight with this reprimand, *Sir John, go home, and hereafter live in good friendship with your minister. The word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has found you out.*

Archbishop Cranmer had a niece whom he married to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family and fortune. The wedding-day was solemnized with great pomp and splendor, after which, according to custom, the new-married couple were left at night alone. The next morning the good archbishop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health told them, he had a present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but the archbishop persisted in concealing it till they both promised him never to wear it at the same time; and having extorted from them that solemn promise, he then pulled out a *fool's cap*.

The late Sir William Trumball was wont to tell a story which he had from one that was present when king Charles I. being with some of his court at Oxford, during his troubles,

bles, and a discourse arising what sort of dogs deserved the pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound; the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound; *because*, said he, *it has all the good-nature of the other without its fawning.*

During a short truce in queen Anne's wars in Flanders, the cook of a marshal of France invited Mr. Lamb, cook to the duke of Marlborough, to dinner, which invitation Mr. Lamb very readily accepted. The Frenchman had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kickshaws the fertile imagination of his country's genius could invent; and Mr. Lamb was highly and elegantly entertained. At parting, great professions of friendship passed on both sides, and the Frenchman promised soon to return the visit; which he accordingly did; but to his great astonishment, and to the surprize of those he carried with him, Mr. Lamb had prepared nothing for his reception but a plain surloin of beef and a plumb-pudding. Sir, said the Frenchman in broken English, *begar, me expect no such dish as dis on dis tre-grand occasion, me expect de soup-pullon, de ragout, de fricasee, de tout la, de l'art culinaire.* Monsieur, reply'd Mr. Lamb, *this is better than all the dainties that France can produce.* 'Tis what every Englishman should be proud of; *this dish has carried my*
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countrymen twice thro' France already, and I don't doubt but it will a third time. Morblieu, (cry'd the Frenchman, laughing) but ve vill eat beef and puddang too, and den vat vill you do? and so they all fell on and eat heartily.

When Sir Charles Wager commanded the squadron in the Baltic in 1725, which was sent thither in order to preserve the peace of the North, he dispatched a frigate to Peterfbourg with a letter from the late king to the Czarina. Upon receiving it she enquired of the officer who had the honour to present it, *What number of ships the English squadron might consist of?* His answer was, *of twenty-two.* How, said she, in surprise, *twenty-two sail of men of war to bring me one single letter! 'tis the dearest postage I have ever heard of, and I hope it is not expected an answer should be sent back at the same charge.*

Dr. Dover, an eminent phyfician, in the beginning of the present reign, published a book, entitled, *Dr. Dover's last legacy to his country*, in which he strongly recommended the use of quicksilver, infomuch that it became the medicine of high and low, till a lady of distinction dancing at a public assembly, the quicksilver she had taken that morning dropt plentifully from her and all bespangled the floor; which by the glaring light

light of many candles, the gentlemen took to be brilliants, and stooped down to take them up accordingly ; but finding it was only quicksilver, and judging from whence it came, they cry'd out, *that somebody had scattered her diamonds*, which occasioned a horse-laugh among the gentlemen, and put all the ladies to the blush. This whimsical accident quite discredited the prescription.

Dean Swift having preach'd an assize sermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had bore a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they know in their consciences to be wrong ; when dinner was over and the glass began to go round, a young barrister who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last ask'd him, *If the devil were to die whether a parson might'nt be found for money to preach his funeral sermon ?* Yes, said Swift, *and I would gladly be the man, for I would then give the Devil his due, as I have this day his Children.*

The late renowned Peter the Great being at Westminster-hall in term-time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have ask'd some
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about him, *Who all those busy people were, and what they were about?* and being answer'd, *they are lawyers.* Lawyers! returned he, with great vivacity, *why I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home.*

Philip I. of Spain took a particular delight in the plainness of his equipage and entertainments; a nobleman being entertained by him at dinner, took occasion to inform his majesty of the magnificence with which his courtiers treated one another, and told him, that in the evening a grand banquet was to be given by the archbishop of Toledo, where his majesty might be an eye-witness of the truth. The king got himself introduced incognito to the banquet-room, and observed the vastness of the preparations, the grandeur of the entertainment, and withal heard their discourse, wherein they boasted of their great estates, and the pensions they held from the king. Next morning he gave out that he was much indispos'd, and was about to make his will; whereupon all the lords of his council repaired to court. At noon he came into the council-chamber, and directing his discourse to the archbishop, ask'd him, how many kings of Spain he had known in his time? He answer'd, *four.* *What, no more!* cries the king; how can that be, when in the short space of my own life I have known

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twenty. The lords present looked at one another, and could not think what he meant ; when his majesty proceeding, *Why, you are all kings, said he, you feast like kings, and you boast of the wealth of kings, and therefore it is but just you should bear part of the burthen of the war like kings ; and accordingly a moiety of your revenues must be converted to the payment of the army.*

In the reign of queen Ann, captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos-bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spanish galleons under the convoy of 17 men of war, in the harbour of Vigo ; and without any warrant for so doing set sail, and made such expedition that he came up with Sir George Rook, who was then admiral and commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the best of his way to Vigo where all the before mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or destroy'd. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain ; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered captain Hardy on board ; and with a stern countenance, *You have done, Sir,* said he, *a very important piece of service to the queen ; you have added to the honour and riches*
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of your country by your diligence ; but don't you know that you are at this instant liable to be shot for quitting your station?—He's unworthy to bear a commission under her majesty, reply'd the captain, who holds his own life as aught, when the glory and interest of his queen and country requires him to hazard it. On this heroic answer, the admiral dispatched him home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

The prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contain'd, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. *Sir, said he, the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended me ; but these I bring back to you as having no claim to them. You have, soldier, answered the prince, doubly deserved them by your bravery, and by your honesty ; therefore they are yours.*

There is a story of Sesostris king of Egypt, who being many years blind was restored to sight by saluting a woman who had never known a man besides her husband.

It is reported of Socrates, that tho' he has written the severest of any against women, yet upon making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the batchelors in his audience hastened away to their sweethearts with a resolution to marry the first opportunity; and all the married men hurried home, in raptures, to their wives.

The lord-chancellor Digby relates a singular story of a deaf nobleman in Spain, who, from a constant observation of the various motions of the lips, tongue, and eyes, of the persons with whom he conversed, perfectly understood what was said to him, and could give apposite answers, if he could see the person that talked to him. The inference was, that his eyes performed the office of ears to him, and that the privation of one sense adds to the vivacity of another.

The Irish being oppressed and injured by the earl of Kildare in the reign of Henry VII. exhibited several articles of complaint against him to the king, concluding their information with these words; *all Ireland cannot rule this earl. Why, then,* said the king, *he is the fittest man to rule all Ireland.* And accordingly made him lord-lieutenant.

The old earl of Derby who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I. wore such
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plain apparel that he could not be distinguished by his garb from the better sort of farmers; and coming to court in his ordinary habit, was denied entrance into the privy-chamber by a fine-dress'd Scot, who told him, that was no place for plowmen, that none came there but gentlemen or such as dressed like gentlemen. The earl reply'd, he wore the cloaths he used to wear, and if the Scots did so they'd make but a mean figure in the English court. The king hearing a dispute at the chamber-door came out to know what occasioned it; to whom the earl said, *Nothing, my liege, but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themselves, nor their betters.* The king being angry at the affront offered to so great a man, said, 'My good lord Derby, I am sorry for the abuse given you by my servant; and, to make your lordship satisfaction, I will command him to be hanged, if your lordship desires it.' The earl reply'd, that is too small an attonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his punishment should be more exemplary. 'Name it, my lord, said the king, and it shall be done.' *Why then,* said the earl, *I desire your majesty would send him home again.*

King Edward IV. is said to have been one of the handsomest men of his age, tall, fair-

complexioned, and of a most majestic presence. In the 14th year of his reign a free benevolence being granted to maintain a war against France, he pleasantly demanded of a rich widow, what she would give him towards bearing his expences in that war. *By my troth,* quoth she, *king, thou'rt e'en a bon-som mon, and for thy lovely face thou sha't ha twenty ponds.* That sum being great in those days, and more by half than the king expected, he gave the widow thanks, and kindly saluted her; which had so joyous an effect upon the good old lady, that she reply'd, *Neay now, king, byth' mess thou sha't ha twenty ponds more;* and ordered it to be paid accordingly.

The reverend Mr. Carter, late incumbent of Bramford in Suffolk, a man of great learning and as great modesty, happening to dine among others of the clergy at an alderman's house in Ipswich, one of the company being full of himself, engross'd the whole conversation, and at length challenged any man present to start a question in theology or natural philosophy that he could not give a full and satisfactory answer to. The vanity of the man struck every body dumb, which increased his volubility the more; when Mr. Carter thought fit to check his career by a simple proposition: *Here, says he, is a fish that has always lived in salt water, pray tell*

me why it should come out a fresh fish, and not a salt one? Being unable to make any reply, he said not a word more, but left the company to pursue more agreeable conversation.

The earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with Mr. Butler, author of *Hudibras*, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dulness that hardly any body could have believ'd him to be the author of a book that abounded with so much wit, learning and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd ask'd his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, *He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.*

The vicar of Bray in Berkshire, being a papist under the reign of Henry VIII. and a protestant under Edward VI. a papist again under queen Mary, and a protestant in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was reproached as the scandal of his gown, by turning from one religion to another; *I cannot help that*, said the

the vicar, *but if I chang'd my religion, I am sure I've kept true to my principle, which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray.*

There is a story of Sir William Kingston, who was provost-marshal to Edward VI. that after a rebellion that happened in that reign upon the alteration of religion, he invited himself to dine with the mayor of Bodwin in Cornwall, who, thinking himself honoured, provided a handsome entertainment for him, suitable to his dignity. While dinner was getting ready, the provost took Mr. Bowyer aside, (for that was the mayor's name) and whispered in his ear that there must be an execution that afternoon, and therefore ordered him to cause a gallows to be set up over-against his own door. The mayor obeyed his command, and after dinner the provost took the mayor by the hand, and desired him to lead him to the place of execution, which when he beheld, he ask'd the mayor if he thought it was strong enough. *Yes*, says the mayor, *doubtless it is*. Well, then, said Sir William, get up and try, for it is provided for you. I hope, Sir, said the mayor, you are not in earnest. By my troth, says the provost, there is no remedy for you have been a busy rebel. And so, without any form of trial, caused the mayor to be executed.

Another

Another story is told of a millar, who having been very active in the same rebellion, and fearing the diabolical spirit of Kingston, who shewed no mercy wherever he came, went from home, and told a young, stout fellow, his servant, that if any gentlemen should come and enquire for him, to tell them that he was the millar. The provost came, as the millar had fore-seen, and the servant said as he was ordered ; upon which the provost commanded his Mermidons to seize him, and hang him on the next tree. The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, *I am not the millar but the millar's man.* Nay, friend, said Sir William, I will take thee at thy first word ; if thou art the millar, thou art a busy knave and a rebel, and deservest to be hang'd : if thou art not the millar, thou art a false, lying knave, and can'st not do thy master better service than to be hang'd for him. And so caused the fellow to be executed.

Captain Porter, a gay officer in Frazer's regiment, fell in love with a sprightly young lady at Henley upon Thames, and married her. Being in lodgings some time after at a village in that neighbourhood, they hired a very pretty maid ; and as they were all young and had but little to do, they were wont to divert the time in romping, without any exception taken, till one day the mistress bolting open the chamber-door a little too abruptly,

ruptly, discovered Betty and her master more familiar together than she had reason to desire they should continue ; but bridling her passion, she pull'd to the door, and instantly withdrew. The girl, as soon as she could recover herself from her deshabille, hastened after her mistress, and in a violent agitation, madam, said she, I desire you would take warning, for I would not live with my master for a king's ransom ; there never was so rude a man born ; he's always pulling one about, or swearing at one. Well, well, Betty, said the mistress, who could not help smiling, moderate your passion, and never mind him ; if he pulls you about, you pull him again ; and if you pull him a-days, I'll pull him a-nights, and I warrant you we tame him between us.

King Charles II, was by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen. He delighted, tho' a monarch, to give and take a jest ; to be the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls and plays. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord-mayor's day, and did so the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man ; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, or thro' the warmth he was in with continual toasting the royal family, his
lordship

lordship grew a little too fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity of discourse not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself out of all difficulties of this sort, and with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall-yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, *Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.* The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air, repeated this line of the old song ;

He that is drunk is as great as a king ;
and immediately turned back, and comply'd with his lordship's humour.

The story of this king's escape after the battle of Worcester will, perhaps, account for that freedom of access and familiarity his majesty was so remarkable for ; and tho' somewhat long, is very curious to be known ; I shall therefore give it as related by lord Clarendon, who no doubt had the best opportunity of being acquainted with the particulars .

The last fatal battle of Worcester, says he, was no sooner decided, than the king thought of
nothing

nothing so much as providing for his own safety; he therefore took the advantage of the night, slipped away from the body of horse that attended him, and betook himself alone to an adjacent wood, where in the morning he discerned another man, who had got up an oak near the place where the king had rested himself. This man's name was Careless, a captain under lord Loughborough, who knew the king, and the king him; and persuaded his majesty, since it could not be safe for him to leave the wood till the heat of the pursuit abated, to ascend the tree that he had just quitted, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that no person could be discovered without a narrower enquiry than people usually make in places which they don't suspect. The king did so, and was followed by Careless, and in that tree they sat securely all the next day, and saw many who came in pursuit of them, and heard their discourse. The day being spent, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that now it was dark he was willing to make some provision for both; and with the advice and assistance of his companion, after walking at least nine or ten miles, they came at last to a poor cottage, the owner whereof being a Roman catholic, was known to Careless, who fortunately for the king was of that religion. Him they
called

called up, who presently carried them into a little hovel, full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed, that the danger would be the greater if they staid together, and therefore that Careless should presently be gone, and should within two days send a trusty person to the king to guide him to some other place of security, and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the haymow. The king slept very well in his lodging till morning, when his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pottle of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he had ever eaten. The poor man was ignorant of the quality of his guest, but spoke very intelligibly to him of the country, and of the people who were well or ill-affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him, that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had ; and that he feared if he should endeavour to procure better, it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family ; however if he would have him get some meat, he would do it. The king was satisfied with his reason, and after two days penance in this place, a man, a little above the condi-

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tion

tion of his host, came from Careless, to conduct him to another house, more out of the way. It was above twelve miles he was to travel, and was to be cautious not to go into any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. He had already cut off his hair, and now he new dressed himself, changing cloaths with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises, than by having fine linen in bad cloaths; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Tho' he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were uneasy when he first put them on, and in a short time after grew very grievous to him. Thus equipt he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, crossing hedges and ditches, which so tired him that he was even ready to despair, and prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at so dear a rate. His shoes had, after a few miles hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away and walked in his stockings; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over the hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded that he many times cast himself upon the ground with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morn-

morning what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, till at length they arrived at the house designed; which, tho' it was better than that he had left, his lodging was still in the barn upon straw instead of hay. Here he had such fare as poor people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from one poor house to another, and concealed with great fidelity. Within a few days one Mr. Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, came to him, sent by Careless, and was of singular service to his majesty. This man told him, that lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was glad to hear, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together; which the other did. Wilmot told the king, that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of one Mr. Lane, a person remarkable for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal a good name, that tho' he had a son, a colonel in the king's service, people of all parties paid the old man very great respect; and therefore he advised his majesty to repair to this gentleman's house, where he was sure he might lie conceal'd till a full deliverance

could be contrived. The king liked the proposition, and was willing that he should know what guest he received ; for hitherto none of his hosts knew or seemed to suspect that he was more than one of the king's party that fled from Worcester. Mr. Lane received him with joy, and took care to accommodate him in such places as in a large house had been provided for the purposes of concealment. Here he remained some months, receiving every day information of the great consternation the king was in, lest his person should fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the diligence they used to search after him. He read the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would discover and deliver up the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him ; by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was high time to consider how he might get near the sea in order for his escape. He was now on the borders of Staffordshire, near the middle of the kingdom, where he was an utter stranger to all the ports and coast: In the west he was best acquainted, and that coast was most proper to transport him into France, to which he was inclined. Upon this matter he consulted with the old gentleman, the colonel his son, and a young lady
of

of great discretion, daughter to Mr. Lane who was very fit to bear a part in such a trust. Mr. Lane had a niece married to Mr. Norton, a clergyman, of 8 or 900 l. a year, who lived within a few miles of Bristol, at least four or five days journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he was well known and well beloved in all that county. It was hereupon resolved that Miss Lane should visit this cousin, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with cloaths and boots for such a service, and only one servant to attend them. A good house was pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet: and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance with his hawk, and two or three spaniels; which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging; here lord Wilmot found them; and every day's journey being then settled, he was instructed where he should meet them at night. The colonel continued to hawk with them till he had brought them within a day's journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to Wilmot, who finished the journey in the same exercise.

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There was great care taken when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Miss Lane declaring that he was a neighbour's son whom his father had lent her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free. And by this artifice she caused him to be handsomely provided for, and often waited upon him herself to prevent the servants from too narrowly observing him. There was no resting-place till they came to Mr. Norton's, nor any thing extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day who were well known to the king, and the day they went to Mr. Norton's they were necessarily to ride quite through Bristol, a place and people the king was well acquainted with, and could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which a little time had made there ; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it. They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and tho' in the middle of October, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door, and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was ally'd to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to
see

see how the bowlers play'd. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable till his mistress could provide for his retreat. Miss Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber; where she had no sooner entered than she lamented the condition of a good youth who came with her, and who was very sick being newly recovered of an ague. A chamber was presently made ready, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, who was very glad to retire from the company below. When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Miss Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler who waited at table to carry that dish to William. The butler carried the broth, and looking upon the young man narrowly, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, he was glad to see his majesty. The king was infinitely surpris'd, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him, what he meant? The man's name was John Pope; he had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well to whom he spoke; whereupon the king conjured him not to discover him not even to his master; the man promised, and kept his word; and the king was better served during his abode there. Dr. Gorges, the king's chaplain, as has been said, supped with Mr. Norton that night, and being a

man of chearful conversation, asked Miss Lane many questions concerning William, to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, like many others, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic; and as soon as supper was over, out of good-nature, and without telling any body, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and ask'd him many questions, which he answer'd in as few words as possible, and expressing great inclination to go to bed, the doctor left him, and went to Miss Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well, and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. Next morning the doctor went away, so the king saw him no more; and lord Wilmot came to the house with his hawk to see Miss Lane, and so took an opportunity to speak with William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it, upon whose fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which, when he should be fully instructed,

he should return again to him. In the mean time Wilmot lodged at a house not far from Mr. Norton's, to which he had been recommended. After some days stay here, the king came to know that colonel Francis Windham lived within a little more than a day's journey of the place where he was; of which he was very glad; for besides the inclination he had to his elder brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar-Castle, where the king lodged when he was in the West. The king sent Wilmot to him, and a time and place being appointed to meet, the king took his leave of Miss Lane, who remained at her cousin's, and so departed, accompanied only by lord Wilmot. In their way they met Mr. Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew Wilmot, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be in his company. At the place of meeting they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house, where he stay'd till the colonel projected at what place he might embark, and how they might procure a vessel, which was no easy matter to do, there being so great a fear possessing even the well-affected, that nobody outward bound cared to take in any passenger. There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme in Dorsetshire, and was well known to colonel Windham, having

having been a captain in the king's army; and with him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger of being arrested, and to transport them to France. Tho' no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected they were of the Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected to the king's interest as any town in England could be; yet there was in it the master of a bark, of whose honesty captain Ellison was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel when Ellison asked him, whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen and land them in France, if he might have 50 l. for his trouble. The man said, he might well be suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned; yet he undertook it. Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came together with lord Wilmot to the captain's house, from whence they both rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and it was there concluded that on such a night, when the tide served, the man should draw out his vessel from the peer, and being at sea should come to such a point, about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would

would take her off again about break of day when the tide served next morning. There was very near this point a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London post-road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should proceed, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark. The king being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear how things went, and was assured that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his crew ready, which was but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit the two persons should repair to the place appointed. The captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before till he might hear

hear the news of their being embarked. They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun rose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the peer. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being now past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who they knew, resolved to stay there till he was assured that they were gone. The truth of the disappointment was this; the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel he had staid in his own house, and slept two or three hours, and the time of the tide being come he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed, that he had been for some days fuller of thought than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen, who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried

ried provisions on board ; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who told her, that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready. She was sure there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her, he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid. His wife told him, she was sure he was doing something that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house ; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noise, and so went into his bed. And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast day which was observed in those times, principally to inflame the people against the king and his party, and there was a chapel in that village over-against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villainy imaginable against the old order of government ; and he was then in the

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chapel

chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that county, and what they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a Smith to examine their horses shoes, it being a hard frost. The fellow, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the landlord, that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure his four shoes had been made in four several counties; which, whether his skill was able to discover, or no, was very true. The Smith going to the sermon, told this story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer and searched the inn, and enquired for those horses, and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make enquiry after the two men that rid them, and positively declared, that one of them was Charles Stuart. All this they learnt afterwards from Captain Elison. But to return, when they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded, that they were to make no longer stay in those

parts

parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast ; and without any farther delay they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Suffex, where colonel Windham had no interest. There was between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother, of a very good family, whom the king was resolved to trust ; and so sent the lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips, and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and lord Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly ally'd. The ways were full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Detborough was commander in chief. These marches were likely to last many days, and it was not thought advisable for the king to stay so long in that place ; thereupon he had recourse to his old stratagem of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of colonel Windham's, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury ; to which colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regi-

ment of horse ; and presently after, met De-
borough walking down a hill and three or
four men with him who had lodged in Sa-
lisbury the night before ; all that road being
full of soldiers. The next day, upon the
plain, Dr Henchman, one of the prebendaries
of Salisbury, met the king ; lord Wilmot,
and Mr. Philips then leaving him to go to
the sea-coast to find a vessel ; the doctor con-
ducted the king to Heale, a seat 3 miles from
Salisbury, belonging then to serjeant Hyde,
who was afterwards chief-justice of the king's
bench, and then in the occupation of the wi-
dow of his elder brother, where coming late
in the evening, he supped with some gentle-
men who accidentally were in the house,
which could not well be avoided. But the
next morning he went early from thence, as
if he had continued his journey ; and the wi-
dow being trusted with the knowledge of her
guest, sent her servants out of the way ; and,
at an hour appointed, received him again,
and accommodated him in a little room,
which had been made since the beginning of
the troubles for concealment. Here he was
entertained unknown to some gentlemen who
lived in the house, and to others who daily
resorted thither, for many days ; the widow
herself only attending him, and bringing him
such letters as the doctor received from Wil-
mot and Philips. A vessel being at last pro-
vided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice
thereof

thereof sent to Dr. Henchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stone-henge, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where colonel Philips received him. He, the next day delivered him to lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Suffex, recommended by colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that county that had served the king in the war, who met him there; and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmsted, where he went early on board, and arrived safely in Normandy, in November, in a small creek, from whence he got to Roan, and thence to Court, where we shall now leave him.

Marshal Villars, upon the death of the duke of Vendôme, in Lewis XIVth's time, was made governor of Provence in his room; and when the marshal went to take possession of his new government, the deputies of the province made him the usual present of a purse full of Louis d'Ors; but the person who had the honour to present it, said to him, *Here, my lord, is such another purse as that we gave to the duke de Vendôme, when, like you, he came to be our governor; but the prince, after accepting it as a testimony of our regard to him, very generously returned it.*—*Ab!* said marshal Villars, squeezing the purse into his pocket, *Monfieur Vendôme was a most surprising man; he has not left his fellow behind him.*

Villars, duke of Buckingham, about the latter end of K. James's reign, and the beginning of that of K. Charles I, had made himself by his mismanagement so obnoxious to the Commons, that Sir Edward Cook declared him publicly in the House, to be the cause of all the national misery, and that, till the king was informed of it, they could neither go out with honour, nor sit with honour there. The duke being told of this afterwards, as he sat at dinner at his own table, *Tush*, said he, smiling, *what signifies what the Commons of England say—without my leave they dare do nothing—no, not so much as touch the hair of a dog.*

[This, however, proved a fatal menace to him; and gave occasion to one of the boldest murders recorded in history; the story of it is thus related by different authors.]

One John Felton, a gentleman of a reputable family in Suffolk, and formerly a lieutenant in the king's service, being inflamed by the popular resentment, took it into his head that he should do God good service if he killed the duke; and accordingly having provided no other instrument than an ordinary knife which he bought for a shilling, he repaired to Portsmouth (where the duke was then hastening out a fleet for the relief of Rochelle) and arrived on the

eve

eve of St. Bartholomew. Next morning the duke receiving letters, that Rochelle had relieved itself, had ordered breakfast to be got ready with all expedition, that he might go and acquaint the king, who was then at Sir Daniel Norton's, but a few miles off, with the good news : the chamber where the duke was dressing himself, in the mean time, was full of company ; and, among the rest, Mons-Soubiez, brother to the duke of Rohan, and other French gentlemen, who were earnestly pressing the departure of the fleet, lest the news the duke had received should be premature, and the place be ruined and lost by an ill-timed delay. Their discourse, according to the custom of their nation, was held with such vehemence, that the standers-by, who did not understand French, thought they were angry ; and the duke being told that breakfast was ready, and drawing towards the door, where the hangings were held up to let him pass, in that very passage turning to Sir John Fryer, the colonel in waiting, to issue his commands, he was on the sudden struck upon the breast with a knife ; upon which, without using any other words but *the villain hath killed me*, and in the same moment pulling out the knife, he fell down dead, the knife having pierced his heart. No man had seen the blow, but in the confusion many imagined it came from the French ; and it was next to a miracle they were

were not all killed on the spot. In the hurry a hat was taken up, in the inside of which four or five lines of that declaration were written, wherein the commons had styled the duke an enemy to the kingdom, and underneath upon the same paper a short ejaculation. It was instantly concluded, that the person to whom this hat belonged, must be the man who had done the murder; and accordingly a gentleman being observed walking very pensively before the door without a hat, the word was given that *there was the villain that had killed the duke*; and while the multitude crowded to see him, and every one was asking *Which is he? Which is he?* The man very composedly answered, *I am he*. The most furious ran with their drawn swords to kill him; while he, with all the unconcern in the world, exposed himself to the utmost violence of their rage; but others of a more deliberate temper defended him, and carried him into a private room, in order to pass examination, while he was yet uncollected. The chief thing aimed at was to learn his accomplices, and in order to induce him to that discovery, it was intimated to him that the duke was not yet dead; but to this he replied with a smile, *I know he must be dead, for I had the force of forty men when I struck him*. He added, that they need give themselves no trouble about his accomplices, for no man living had credit enough with him

him to engage him to kill a worm ; that what he had done was a matter of conscience, for which he was ready and willing to suffer the severest penalties of the law ; and that the motives upon which he acted would appear, if his hat were found, in which, lest he should perish in the attempt, he had written them, that the world might not be at a loss to account for the deed. Nothing further could be gathered from him upon this occasion, and therefore he was removed to London, where he remained four months in prison before he was brought to trial, in which time he was more than once examined before the council ; and tho' he still persisted in his former declaration, that no man knew of his design, yet *Laud* would not be convinced but that the Puritans were concerned in the conspiracy, and threatened Felton with the rack if he did not confess it ; Felton reply'd with a composure equally admired and applauded, *That if it must be so, he could not tell whom he might nominate in the extremity of torture ; and if what he then should say must pass for truth, he could not tell whether his lordship, or which of their lordships present, he might name, for torture might draw unexpected things from him ;* after this, says *Rushworth*, he was asked no more questions, but remanded back to prison. Bishop *Laud*, however, persisted in putting him to the rack, on which a debate arose, and his majesty being

ing present, moved that the question might be propounded to the judges, who unanimously declared, *That he ought not by the law of England to be put to the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law*; however, Felton himself, after he had been in prison some time, became so full of remorse, that upon his trial at the King's Bench bar, he earnestly besought the judges, that while he was yet alive, his hand might be struck off with which he had committed the impious act; and before and at his death he behaved like a man truly sensible of his enormous crime.

There is a remarkable story told by lord Clarendon, concerning some previous intimations which the duke received of his untimely death, by means of an apparition, which was this: There was, says he, an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more. This man had, in his youth, been bred in a school, in the parish where Sir George Villars the father of the duke lived; and had been much cherished and obliged, in that season of his age, by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man, being in his bed, at Windsor where his office

was,

was, and in a good state of health, there appeared to him on the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and, fixing his eyes upon him, asked him, if he knew him. The poor man half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time, Whether he remembered him? and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villars, and the very cloaths he used to wear, in which at that time he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person. He replied, 'he was in the right; that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him; which was, that he should go from him to his son the duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or, at least, to abate the extreme malice they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.' After this discourse he disappeared; and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before; and asked him, Whether he had done as he had required him? and perceiving he had

had not, gave him very severe reprehensions; and told him, 'he expected more compliance from him; and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should be always pursued by him.' Upon which, he promised to obey him. But the next morning waking out of a good sleep, tho' he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed; and considered, that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find admission to his presence; much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say. So with great trouble and inquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do; and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had by this time recovered the courage to tell him, 'That in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering, how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him; and if he could obtain admission to him, he should never be able to persuade him, that he was sent in such a manner; but he should

‘ should, at best, be thought to be mad, or
 ‘ to be set on and employed by his own, or
 ‘ the malice of other men, to abuse the
 ‘ duke ; and so he would be sure to be un-
 ‘ done.’ The person reply’d, as he had
 done before, ‘ That he should never find rest
 ‘ till he should perform what he required ;
 ‘ and therefore he were better to dispatch it ;
 ‘ that the access to his son was known to be
 ‘ very easy ; and that few men waited long
 ‘ for him ; and for the gaining him credit, he
 ‘ would tell him two or three particulars,
 ‘ which he charged him never to mention to
 ‘ any person living, but to the duke himself ;
 ‘ and he should no sooner hear them, but he
 ‘ would believe all the rest he should say.’
 And so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went ; and though he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he said enough to him to let him see there was something extraordinary in it ; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression in him. He desired, that, by his means he might be brought to the duke ; to such a place, and

had not, gave him very severe reprehensions and told him, 'he expected more compliance from him; and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should be always pursued by him.' Upon which, he promised to obey him. But the next morning waking out of a good sleep, tho' he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed; and considered, that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find admission to his presence; much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say. So with great trouble and uneasiness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do; and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

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such a manner, as should be thought fit ; affirming, that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing. Sir Ralph promised, he would speak first to the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure. And accordingly, the first opportunity, he did inform the duke of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and all he knew of the matter. The duke, according to his usual condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king ; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth-Bridge, where he would land by five of the clock in the morning ; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk, and speak with him, as long as should be necessary. Sir Ralph carried the man with him next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteously ; and walked aside in conference with him near an hour, none but his own servants being then on the place ; and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, tho' the duke sometimes spoke with great commotion ; which Sir Ralph the more easily observed, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon him : and the man told him in his return over the water, ' That when he ' mentioned those particulars which were to ' gain him credit, the substance whereof he ' said

• said he durst not impart to him, the duke's
• colour changed, and he swore he could
• come to that knowledge only by the devil ;
• for that those particulars were known but to
• himself, and to one person more, who, he
• was sure, would never speak of 'em.'

This story, which Clarendon has introduced with much solemnity, is the more remarkable, as, ever after, the duke appeared abroad with omens of misfortune in his countenance ; his unsteady motions, his dark expressions, his earnestly recommending his wife and children to be remembered by bishop Laud to his royal master ; his frequent solitary interviews with his mother, and his reflections upon the tender ties of nature, and the endearments of life which he was to leave behind him, amount to more than a bare presumption that from the moment he was made acquainted with the errand of his deceased father, he became strongly possessed with the apprehensions of his approaching fate.

'Tho' we are far from recommending the belief of all such stories as these to our young readers, yet there are some so strongly attested, that it is impossible to withhold our assent to the truth of them ; among which we must include the following, which stands upon the strongest degree of evidence that can be produced, and most of the witnesses are still alive.

One Mr. Woodmanfon, while apprentice to a shopkeeper at Gosport that lived over-against his father's house, boarded at his father's ; and on the 23d of August, 1736, at noon, as he was standing at his master's door, with his mistress and maid-servant and one Mr. Bloxham, then rider to Mr. Oakes and Company, but now a haberdasher in Cateaton-street, heard his father's voice call *Charles*, as he was wont to do at dinner-time. He answered, *Coming, Sir* ; but being engaged in business, he staid about four minutes, when he heard the voice a second time call *Charles* ; the maid heard it then, and answered for him ; and he staid to finish what he had in hand. He then saw the door open, heard his father call a third time in a strong, emphatical, angry tone, and shutting the door he heard its sound : both the mistress and the maid heard this last call ; on which the mistress pushed him out of the shop, with, *Sirrah, get you gone, your father is quite angry at your stay*. He ran over, lifted up the latch, but found the door lock'd. Then going in at the back gate, saw his mother-in-law, who told him his father was not come home, nor would dine at home that day. His surprise was great, his hair stood on end, and he went back to the company, whose consternation on hearing the fact, was as great as his own. The maid told him it was a sign of death, and he would not live long ; which made
such

such an impression upon him, that from a lad of rais'd spirits and extreme vivacity, he became grave and serious, thought of nothing but his approaching end, and held himself in constant preparation for the period he expected. What is very remarkable, he had an only uncle, (who was governor of the Biddeford, then station'd at Leith) that died there that same day, and about the same hour.

[This gentleman, who is now in Carolina, still continues the same serious turn of mind, and his veracity is unquestionable.]

In 1651, king Charles II. made his last effort against Oliver to regain the crown, and assembling forces in the north, advanced westward into England, where he thought he could command the most friends; but Oliver intercepting his progress at Worcester, drew on an engagement, which, as has been hinted already, proved decisive against the king. The very night after this battle was fought, Sir Christopher Wren, being at his father's house at Knoyle in Wiltshire, dreamt that he saw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not, where some were flying and others pursuing; and among those that fled, he thought he saw a kinsman of his, who went into Scotland to join the king's army. The next night this kinsman came to Knoyle,

and was the first that brought the news of the fight at Worcester.

There is another remarkable story of this kind related of the same Sir Christopher Wren, who being chosen surveyor of the royal works to king Charles II. soon after his restoration, and being called upon to prepare a plan for the reparation only of St. Paul's cathedral, which he was afterwards employed to rebuild; before he would rashly venture to expose his judgment upon paper in a matter of such importance, in which the great Mr. Inigo Jones had been engaged before him, thought it prudent to take a survey of the works of the best masters abroad, and accordingly, obtained his majesty's leave to travel for a few months. While he was at Paris, he was taken ill with a feverish disorder, made but little water, and had a pain in his reins; he sent for a physician who advised him to be bled, and ordered him some proper medicines for a pleuretic fever, with which the physician thought him dangerously attack'd; but having an aversion to bleeding, he put off that operation for a day longer, and in the night dreaming that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit reached him dates; tho' he found himself much worse in the morning, yet he sent for dates, and eating plentifully of them, from the very
moment

moment they entered his stomach he thought himself better, and without any other medicine speedily recovered.

Another story of this kind, I shall beg leave to relate, and then change the subject. In March, 1736, a young woman at Bristol being taken ill of the small-pox, her mother attended her during her illness: her father was a clergyman, more than twenty miles from the city. One night, her sister, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting the death of her daughter. This much surpris'd her, knowing that her mother was then as far off as Bristol. When she arose in the morning, her father seeing her look much concern'd, asked her what was the matter with her? She reply'd, I believe my sister Molly is dead; for this night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death. Says the father, I heard the same myself, and her voice seem'd to me to be in my study. Soon after, the same morning, came a messenger with tidings of her death. The deceased was brought to her father's to be buried, and after the funeral, her mother relating the manner of her daughter's illness, and that as soon as her daughter was dead, she being weary with watching, and tired for want of sleep, lay down in her cloaths, and dream'd that she was with them telling her grief for the loss of her daughter.

This

This surprized them ; and asking the time, it appeared to be much the same in which they heard her voice.

Bishop Ruthal, who in the reign of Henry VIII. by his great learning and abilities did honour to the see of Durham, being commanded to write down a true state of the kingdom in general for his majesty's private information, took great pains in the performance, and having fairly transcribed it, caused the book to be bound in vellum, gilt, and variously ornamented ; and, at the same time, having taken an account of his own private estate, with an inventory of his jewels, plate, and money, he caused that likewise to be bound and ornamented exactly like the other, and laid them both carefully in his closet together. It so fell out, however, that the king, upon some occasion, sent cardinal Wolsey in haste for the national tract, which he had so long expected from Ruthal, but Wolsey received by mistake, the book which contained the schedule of the bishop's own wealth. This the cardinal soon perceived, but being willing to do Ruthal, to whom he had no liking, a shrewd turn, he delivered the book to the king just as he received it, telling his majesty, that now if he wanted money, that book would inform him where he might command a million ; for so much did the bishop's inventory amount to.

As

As soon as the bishop understood his error, it touched him so near, that he died shortly after.

Some time before his death Dr South resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, and having occasion to come to London upon particular affairs, he took that opportunity to pay a morning visit to his old friend Dr. Waterland, who being overjoy'd to see him, pressed him to stay dinner, which he at length consented to do; but the doctor's lady, who was a noted economist, was greatly troubled at it, and calling her husband into the adjoining room, began to expostulate the matter sharply with him, how he could be so provoking to ask the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was utterly unprovided. The good man endeavoured to pacify her, by saying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could do no less than ask him to dine, and therefore prayed her to compose her passion, and hasten to provide something elegant, for that there was not a man in the world he respected more than the friend that was now come to see him.—This instead of mending the matter made it worse; the lady said she had already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be so silly to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them, for she would be put out of her way for none of 'em.—The doctor was now provoked beyond

yond all patience, and protested, that if it were not for the stranger then in the house, he would beat her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, instantly took up the discourse, and said, with his usual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, *Dear doctor, as we have been friends so long, I beseech you not to make a stranger of me upon this occasion.*—The lady, ashamed of the discovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handsome dinner to be sent up, and left the two doctors to enjoy themselves peaceably, to their mutual satisfaction.

Le Sac, a famous French dancing-master, in the reign of queen Anne, in great admiration ask'd a friend, whether it were true that Mr. Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, was made an earl and lord-treasurer? and finding it confirm'd, said, *Well, I wonder what the devil the queen could see in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greatest dunce that ever I taught.*

In the memoirs of the family of Orrery, there is this remarkable story; that one time when lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one side of him, and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army in Ireland, they fell into discourse about the death of Charles I. Cromwell declared, that if the
king

king had followed his own mind and had had trusty servants about him, he had fool'd them all; and added, that once they had a mind to have closed with him, but upon something that happened, they fell off from that design. Lord Broghill ask'd the reason. We found, replied he, that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch; therefore we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon reasonable conditions. But while we were busied in these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us, that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen; which letter he said was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about two o' clock that night, to the Blue-Boar-Inn in Holborn, for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this advice, and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and in troopers habits to go to the inn in Holborn, which we accordingly did, and set our
man

man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for canss of beer and continued drinking till about ten at night, when our centinel gave notice, that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search all that went in and out there, but as he looked like an honest man we would only search his saddle. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the hall where we had been drinking, leaving the horseman with our centinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter, and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and he might go about his business. The man not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had read the letter, we found the king had acquainted the queen, that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scotch-presbyterian and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought to close with the Scots sooner than the other. Upon this, added Cromwell, we took horse and went to Windsor, and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable

terms

terms from the king, we from that time forward resolved his ruin.

[This lord Broghill was the first earl of Orrery, so created by king Charles II. for the share he had in the restoration; tho' during Cromwell's administration he had been employ'd by that usurper, and served him faithfully in Ireland and Scotland.

Ireton was brother-in-law to Cromwell, and the principal officer in whom he most confided.]

At Domfront in Normandy, the curate, by virtue of an old custom, obliges the people to pay their christening and burial fees both together. The people have indeed frequently complained, but always received for answer, that what persons of his cloth did, was not for the laity to find fault with; they therefore thought proper to complain to the archbishop of Rouen; and when the curate appear'd, he owned the fact, but desired his grace to hear his reasons: he had been curate of that parish, ~~he~~ said, seven years; had christen'd one year with another a hundred children; and, strange! not buried one. At first, he had rejoiced in his good fortune to be placed in an air so healthy; but one day, looking into the register-book, he found out, for a hundred years back near the same number had been yearly baptized, and not one

G

above

above five years old buried, and still the number of communicants as few now as they were then. 'This, tho' seemingly a mystery, upon enquiry he had found the true cause of; for all that are born at Domfront, said he, are hang'd at Rouen; and I therefore was necessitated to do this to keep my parishioners from cheating me. The bishop demanded the truth of this, and upon being answer'd, that too many of them came to that untimely end at Rouen; he approved of what the curate had done, and caused his secretary, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, to make an act of it, which the curate carried home, and the parish submitted, and have found much benefit, the number of natural deaths there increasing yearly.

We find the following strange story related by Voltaire. Some months after the death of cardinal Mazarin, an event happened, says he, of a most extraordinary nature: A gentleman unknown was in the most secret manner carried prisoner to the castle of St. Margaret, on the coast of Provence. His stature was above the common, and of a noble and beautiful presence. This prisoner was during the whole journey in a mask, which had the chin-piece so contrived with steel springs, that he could eat and drink without pulling it off; and his keepers had orders to kill him if he ever unmask'd. He remained in that island until an officer of great trust, named St.

St. Mars, was made governor of the Bastile in 1690, who went to bring him from St. Margaret's, and conducted him to the Bastile still masked as before. Before his removal from that island, the marquis of Louvois went thither to see him, and treated him with such respect that he did not offer to sit down in his presence. He was lodged in the best apartment in the Bastile; and nothing was refused him that he pleased to call for. His taste turned chiefly upon having linen and laces of the finest kind, and he was entertained in the grandest manner, the governor seldom sitting down with him. An old physician belonging to the Bastile declared, that he had never seen his face, tho' he had often examined his tongue, and other parts of his body; that he was extremely well made, his skin a little upon the brown, and such a tone of voice as interested every body in his favour; but that he never complained of his condition, or allowed any one to see who he was. This unknown gentleman died in 1704, and was buried in the night in St. Paul's churchyard; but what is most extraordinary, no man of any figure in Europe disappeared when this gentleman was sent to the castle of St. Margaret. M. Chamillard was the last minister entrusted with this surprising secret; and his son-in-law, marshal de Fuillade, the second of the name, has told me, that when his father was upon his death-bed, he had

upon his knees begg'd of him to inform him, who this gentleman was, who was never known by any other name than that of *the man with the iron mask*? but his answer was, that it was a secret of state which he had sworn never to reveal.

We may throw some light on this dark story of Voltaire's, by another. It has been an old report that Lewis XIV, was not the son of his reputed father, as his queen had lived with him twenty years without a child, infomuch that when it was reported at court that the queen was pregnant, the duke of Orleans, who was next heir to the crown, and who well knew his brother's impotency, could never be brought to believe it; and when the queen was brought to bed, insisted on being present at the delivery, lest they should play a warming-pan trick upon him; but being asked afterwards by cardinal Richelieu, what he thought of it then? answered with a sneer, the queen had brought forth a son sure enough, but either the devil or the priest must have put him in.

[To illustrate this story still farther, it must be observed that the interest of Richelieu and Orleans at that time clash'd; they were rivals for power, and it was the whole bent of the duke's ambition to effect the cardinal's disgrace, which he most certainly would have

accomplish'd had Lewis XIII died without issue. To prevent this, the cardinal, 'tis thought, procured a person of some distinction and great personal endowments, to hold commerce with the queen, by which two children soon appeared, the oldest of whom was Lewis le Grand. When this scheme was effected, there was no more occasion for employing this personage in his former office ; but as he had been privy to one of the boldest attempts in history, his presence at court was dangerous ; and therefore it was good policy to remove him. Whether this was Voltaire's *man with the iron mask*, or not, perhaps may never be certainly known ; but that Lewis XIV. was a bastard, was well known in France, a pamphlet having been published there in the beginning of queen Anne's reign, entitled, *The grand Pretenders protecting the little one*. which was burnt by the common executioner, and the author of it forced to quit the kingdom of France for ever.]

This story is related after another manner by an anonymous author, who says, this unknown person was the duke de Vermandois, natural son of Lewis XIV. by a woman of great beauty but mean birth, whom he loved to distraction, and caused the young prince her son to be educated with all imaginable care ; he was handsome, well-made, full of

vivacity, but haughty and passionate, and could not bear to pay the dauphin, the only legitimate son of Lewis XIV. the respect due to a prince born to be his king. These two young princes, near the same age, were of very opposite characters. The dauphin, possessed of the same personal advantages as the duke, excell'd him by his mildness, his affability, and a heart full of goodness and generosity. These qualities, as estimable as uncommon in a prince born to hereditary power, rendered the dauphin the object of the duke's contempt, who missed no occasion of expressing his concern for the French nation, destin'd one day to obey a prince without spirit, and unworthy to rule. The king was informed of this behaviour of the duke, and saw how blamable it was, but authority yielding to parental affection deprived him of the power to correct his favourite son. The duke encouraged by this indulgence, so far forgot himself as one day to give the dauphin a blow. The king was presently acquainted with it, and trembled for the criminal. Whatever inclination he had to dissemble this affront, the dignity of the crown and the disturbance it made at court, got the better of his tenderness. He assembled, not without reluctance, his favourite ministers, to whom he disclosed his concern, and demanded their advice. In proportion to the enormity of the crime, and according to the maxims of state,

they

they all judged it merited death. However, one of the council, more sensible of the king's affliction than the rest, said, there was a way to punish the duke without taking his life. He proposed, that the king should immediately send him to the army, then on the frontiers of Flanders; that soon after his arrival there it should be given out he was seized with the plague, to prevent his being visited by persons of distinction; that after a few days pretended illness, it should be reported he was dead; and that while in the sight of the army his funeral ceremonies were performed in a manner worthy of his birth, he should by night be secretly conveyed to the island of St. Margaret's, where he should be imprisoned for life. This advice was approved by the king. Faithful persons were entrusted with the execution of it. The duke set out for the army with a splendid equipage; the rest of the scheme was executed as laid down; and while the camp bewailed the imagined death of this unhappy prince, he was conducted through by-ways to the castle of St. Margaret, and put into the hands of the governor, who had before-hand received orders from the king to suffer his prisoner to be seen by no other person whatever. The duke was allowed one single domestic, who was in the secret; but he dying on the road, the guard disfigured him with their sabres to prevent his being known, and leaving him stripped

ped for the same reason, continued their journey. The governor received and treated his prisoner with the greatest respect. He served him in person, receiving whatever he wanted from the servants, at the door of the duke's apartment, without suffering any of them to enter, so that he remained invisible to all about him. One day, however, he bethought himself of graving his name on the back of a plate with the point of his knife; the servant who discovered this, brought it to his master in hopes of a reward; but the unhappy wretch was killed on the spot that the secret might die with him. The duke remained for some years in this prison, till the governor being advanced to the government of the Bastile at Paris, it was thought proper to transfer with him his illustrious prisoner. Both at St. Margaret's and the Bastile, whenever on account of sickness, or any other occasion, they were obliged to let the duke be seen, he was constrained to wear a mask. Several persons worthy of credit affirm they have seen him thus. If it be queried, why the duke having so long outlived both the king and the dauphin, he was not enlarged, it must be consider'd, as impossible to restore to his rank, dignity or estate, a prince whose tomb existed, and of whose obsequies so many then living were witnesses, as well as proofs in writing; so that it would have been scarce possible to undeceive the people, who to this hour

hour believe he died of the plague in the camp in Flanders.

Mr Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily reply'd, *'Tis needless to give you the copy, for you have the original.*—This gave the doctor such offence that he instantly withdrew his patronage, and ever after was his enemy.

King Charles I. being at Oxford during the civil wars, went one day to see the public library, where he was shew'd, among other books, a Virgil nobly printed, and exquisitely bound. The lord Falkland, to divert the king, would have his majesty make a trial of his fortune, by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, which every body knows was an usual kind of divination some ages past; whereupon the king opening the book, the passage that first presented was: *At bello audacis, &c. Æn. l. 4.*

*Yet plagu'd with war by a bold nation rais'd;
Banish'd his country; raviſh'd from th' embrace
Of lov'd Iulus; let him beg for aid;
And see the barb'rous murder of his friends;
At last, on hard conditions forc'd to sue*

For

*For peate ; his kingdom let him ne'er enjoy ;
Nor wish'd for light ; but fall before his time ;
And lie unbury'd on the common sand.*

It is said, the king seemed concern'd at this accident ; and that the lord Falkland observing it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression the other might have upon him ; but the place that lord Falkland stumbled upon was as much suited to his destiny, as the other had been to the king's ; being the expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son Pallas, *Non hæc, O Pallas, dederas, &c.* *Æn.* lib. 11.

*But why, O Pallas, was thy promise giv'n
To thy unhappy sire ;—that with reserve
And caution, thou wou'dst trust the bloody field?
For I well knew in the first seats of arms
How much young glory and sweet fame would do.
O dire first-fruits of war, ill fated youth !
Mournful beginnings ! and my pray'rs and vows
Unheard by all the powers above ! —*

[Lord Falkland was secretary of state to the king, and charging in the foremost ranks of lord Byron's horse, at the first battle of Newberry, was unfortunately slain, in the 34th year of his age.—The usual method of trying one's fate by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, or the *Virgilian Prophecy*, was opening his book at a

venture

venture, and examining the passage that first came to fight.]

Some years ago, at Mr. James Greenfield's in Maryland, was observed a most surprising sympathy between a cat and a rat, which is thus accounted for: the cat had young ones, and frequently carried them mice and other animals its prey, and among the rest, a young rat; the kittens not being hungry played with it, and when the cat came to give suck to the kittens, the rat likewise sucked her. This was observed by some of the servants, and they informed their master of it; who had the kittens and rat brought down stairs and put together on the floor, and the cat was observed to carry away the young rat as tenderly as she did either of her young ones. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till numbers were eye-witnesses of this preternatural sympathy.

Dean Swift, whose character is well known, having dined one day at a lord-mayor's feast in Dublin, was teized by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated squire, who happened to sit next to him: he bore the awkward railery for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the mayor, *My lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulder, I desire you will order him to be taken off.*

Another

Another story of this humourous divine is as follows: During the government of Berkeley and Gallway, who were jointly lords-justices of Ireland, two livings, Larcor and Rathbeggan, were bestowed upon Mr. Swift, and as soon as he had taken possession of them he went to reside at Larcor, and gave public notice to his parishoners, that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his desk, when after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, *Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places.* And then proceeded regularly through the whole service.

A very considerable living falling in the gift of the late lord-chancellor Talbot, who was a man of a noble and generous spirit, Sir Robert Walpole took the freedom to recommend to his lordship's notice a friend of his whom he wished to oblige. His lordship having no objection to the gentleman's character, very frankly told Sir Robert that his friend should be obliged. While the matter thus rested as determined, though the necessary forms of induction were yet unpassed, the curate who had served the former incumbent for many years, and had an unexceptionable

tionable character, apply'd to his lordship, with letters of recommendation from the best people in the parish, setting forth the hardships he laboured under by reason of his numerous family and the inconveniences he must suffer should he be constrained to move; and therefore earnestly intreating his lordship's interest with the next incumbent, to continue him in his curacy. The chancellor receiv'd the curate with his wonted goodness, and entering into conversation with him, found him to be an excellent scholar and of lively parts; and on asking him what his curacy might be worth? was told, about 40l. a year. Well, Sir, said he, I'll not only grant your suit, but endeavour to raise your income; and accordingly, when the clergyman to whom the living was promised, came to press forward his presentment, his lordship took occasion to speak to him in favour of the old curate, and withal to intimate that the salary, considering the man's family and his abilities (which he assured him were none of the meanest) was too small for him to live upon, and therefore wished him to make it up sixty pounds a year, which, with the bounty of his parishoners, would afford him a comfortable subsistence. The clergyman paus'd a little at such an unexpected request; but soon recollecting himself, said, *I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot oblige your lordship in the choice of the gentleman you*

recommend, having already engaged a near relation, whom I cannot dismiss with honour. What! said his lordship, have you engaged a curate before you are possesst of the living! He said, *he had.* Then, Sir, reply'd the chancellor, with some warmth, I shall furnish you with the best excuse in the world to dismiss him, for I shall dispose of the living to another; and without staying to hear him reply, left him. In a few days the old curate took the liberty to wait upon his lordship, to learn the success of his interposition with the designed incumbent. My lord told him frankly, he had used the most pressing arguments in his favour he was master of, but was unable to succeed. -- Here the tears began to flow involuntarily from the old man's eyes, who was going to retire to vent his grief, when the chancellor calling him back, said, *Sir, I perceive your distress, and I really pity you; the curacy I cannot give you, but the living I can, and you may write to your family and friends by the next post, that tho' you only apply'd for the Curacy, your modesty and merit have gain'd you the Rectorskip.* He blest the chancellor, and unable to utter a word more left him.

Mr. Prior, when he was ambassador in France, being at the opera in Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman belonging to the court, as soon as one of the principal performers came upon the stage, and began to sing

sing, the nobleman, as the custom is in France, joined in the favourite air, and in accompaniment with others, so raised the concert that the voice of the performer could not be distinguished. Mr. Prior, instead of singing, as most of the company did, broke out into bitter invectives against the Italian rascal who imposed upon the audience by pretending to sing. Sir, said the marquis, who stopt to make a reply, the fellow has a most excellent voice, and I'm surpris'd you are not charm'd with it. *Why, really, so he has,* reply'd his excellency, *but it is so far below your lordship's, that while you were pleas'd to sing, I could not bear a note of it.*

The late bishop Burnet, happening to dine one day with the then earl of Uxbridge, who was a nobleman of great compass of thought, but somewhat of a romantic turn, and the conversation affording him a fair opportunity, observed, not without design, that there was in most men some predominant passion; as, to wine, to women, to money, or the like; *but as for my part,* adds he, *my great inclination is to tell lies.* Then, says the earl with a sneer, who thought himself pointed at, *your lordship is the fittest person in the world to write the History of your own Times.*

When marshal Broglio was in England, in the beginning of K. George the first's reign, a

debate arose in conversation between his majesty and him, concerning the disposition of the troops at the famous battle of Ramillies, and likewise concerning the behaviour of the French household-troops in that engagement, who, his majesty insisted, were totally routed and put to flight. The marshal took the liberty to differ from the king, by saying, they behaved with their usual bravery, and were of infinite service in covering the retreat of the army, when the French gave way. The king appealed to general Cadogan, who happened to be present, and he gave his sentiments in favour of his majesty. But the marshal said, I must really beg leave to differ from your lordship, because I was upon the field *during the whole action*, and I never saw troops behave with greater intrepidity in my life. The general reply'd pleasantly, *I grant what your excellency says to be true; but I was upon the field after the action, and I never saw troops in a greater panic, since I knew what it was to pursue an enemy.* The marshal was sensibly mortify'd, and his majesty perceiving him to look grave, took occasion, upon the approach of some ladies, to turn the discourse into gallantry.

Mr Th-rnt-n, a gentleman of large property in Yorkshire, and member of the H—e of C—ns, was more than ordinarily active during the last rebellion, by his personal ser-

vice

vice in the corps of Gentlemen Volunteers, named the *Yorkshire-Hunters*, and was particularly remembred by his majesty for his zeal on that occasion: his lady, who is one of the finest women in England, being some time afterwards introduced to court, the king received her in the politest manner, and after saluting her, turned himself to Mr. Thornton, and said, *Sir, I always had a very high opinion of your services, but I never knew till now how much I was beholden to you.*—A fine compliment from a sovereign to a subject, and expressed with uncommon delicacy.

Lord *Willoughby de Brooke*, coming one day out of the House of Peers, and his servant not being in sight, call'd out, *Where is my Fellow?* — *Not in Europe, by G—d*, said Anthony Henley, who happen'd to be near him.

While king Richard I. was in France about his war which he held against king Philip, there came to him a French priest whose name was Fuleo, and desired the king to put away his three abominable daughters which he had, or commit them to marriage, lest God punished him for them. *Thou lyeest, hypocrite*, said the king, *to thy face, for I have no daughter.* The priest reply'd, I lye not, for thou hast three daughters, one of them is called *Pride*, another *Covetousness*, and a third *Lust*. With that the king called his lords

and barons about him, and said to them, *This hypocrite here requires me to marry my three daughters, which he saith I cherish and maintain; namely, Pride, Covetousness, and Lust; and now that I have found husbands for them, I will do it with effect: I therefore bestow my Pride on the high-minded Templars and Hospitallers, who are as proud as Lucifer himself. My Covetousness I give to the White Fryers, otherwise called, the Cisseaus order, for they covet the devil and all. And my Lust I give to the prelates of the church, who take most pleasure in it.*

In my lord Gainsborough's park at Titchfield, in Hampshire, some few years past, a deer was killed. After it was broke up the keeper went to quarter the heart, and the edge of the knife grated against something that was hard, which he found to be a bullet, near the middle of the heart; about which bullet there was a callous skin like horn, by which it was supposed the deer had been formerly shot. When my lord was told of it, he merrily said, the beast had been in love, and it was no such great miracle for lovers to survive a wounded heart.

Soon after Dr. Swift was made dean of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the house of Dr. Raymond, with

with whom he had dined, at Trim [a little town near Dublin, of which the doctor was vicar ;] the bell had rung ; the parishoners were assembled for evening prayers ; and Dr. Raymond was preparing to go to church, which was scarce 200 yards from his house. *Raymond, says the dean, I'll lay you a crown I will begin prayers before you this afternoon. I accept your wager,* reply'd Dr. Raymond : and immediately they both ran as fast as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door, and when he entered the church walked decently towards the reading-desk ; Swift never slacken'd his pace, but running up the isle, left Dr. Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading-desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy with an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win his wager.

Dr. Jefferies, archdeacon of Norwich, who was a great stickler in the Convocation, in 1710 married a second wife ; after which he discontinued his attendance on the convocation ; and being ask'd the reason, pleasantly excus'd himself out of the old law, which saith, *that when a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not be obliged to go out to war.*

Among

Among other papers, a manuscript was carefully preserved by the late lord Oxford, containing an extract from the Journals of the house of commons ; which honourable house resolving to disgrace the name of the late usurper Oliver Cromwell, as far as lay in their power, ordered his body to be taken up, and to be first hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, and then to be burnt. This order was pursued by the serjeant of that honourable house so far as to find a coffin with Oliver's name and usurped titles, at the east end of the middle isle of Henry VIIIth's chapel in Westminster-abbey. This, with an account where the said inscription is, or was, within a few years ago to be seen, is written in a very fair hand ; then, in two different hands, there follows the most remarkable account that ever was told, of a counter-interment of the arch-traytor, as well as the reason and contrivance, to secure his body from that expected ignominy, and to continue the revenge of Charles's enemies, even to the disgrace of substituting the body of the beheaded king in the punishment intended the dead body of the usurper. The story of this counter-interment was ready to be attested, in lord Oxford's time, by Mr. Barkstead, whose father was lieutenant of the tower at the time of Oliver's death, and a great confidant of his, having been concerned in the king's death, for which he was executed soon after the restoration.

This

This gentleman, however, among other such secrets, in the time of the usurper's sickness, desired to know where he would be buried. To which he answer'd, in the field of Naseby, in Northamptonshire, where he obtained the greatest victory and glory, and as nigh the spot as could be guessed where the heat of the action was; which accordingly was thus perform'd: At midnight (soon after his death) being first embalmed and wrapped in a leaden coffin, he was conveyed in a hearse to the said field. Mr. Berkstead the younger, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, there found, about the midst of it, a grave about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side, and the mould on the other; in which the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid exactly flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after like care was taken that the said field was intirely ploughed up, and sown three or four years successively with wheat.

Talking over this account of Barkstead's, says lord Oxford, with the reverend Mr. Sm— of Q—, whose father had long resided in Florence as a merchant, and afterwards as minister from king Charles II. and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the restoration, he assured me, he had often heard the same account by other hands; those

those miscreants always boasting, that they had wreck'd their revenge against the father as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him whilst living, and making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead. Asking him the meaning of this last sentence, he said, that Oliver and his friends apprehending the restoration of the Stuart family, and that all imaginable disgrace, on that turn, would be put upon his body as well as memory, he contrived his own burial, as averred by Barkstead, having all the theatrical honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin; into which afterwards was removed the corpse of the martyr (which by lord Clarendon's own account had never truly or certainly been interr'd; and after the restoration, when most diligently sought after by the earls of Southampton and Lindsey, at the command of king Charles II. in order to a solemn removal, could no where in the church where he was said to have been buried, be found,) that, if any sentence should be pronounced, as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king. That on that order of the Commons in Charles II's time, the tomb was broken down, and the body taken out of a coffin so inscribed as mention'd in the serjeant's report, was from thence convey'd to Tyburn, and, to the utmost joy and triumph of that crew of miscreants, hung publicly

lickly on the gallows amidst an infinite number of spectators, almost infected with the noisomeness of the stench. The secret being only amongst that abandon'd few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people but the body so exposed was the body it was said to be, had not some whose curiosity brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that on tying the cord, there was a strong seam about the neck by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whisper'd about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who dispatched a messenger to court to acquaint them with the rumour, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it farther might have. On which, the body was immediately ordered down to be buried again to prevent any infection. Certain it is, adds his lordship, it was not burnt as in prudence, but for that pretended reason, might have been expected; as well as in justice to have shewn the utmost detestation of his crime, and the most lasting mark of infamy they could inflict upon him. This was the account the reverend Mr. Sm—— gave. What truth there is in it, is not so certain. Many circumstances make the surmise not altogether im-

improbable, as all those enthusiasts to the last moment of their lives, ever gloried in the truth of it.

[There are some circumstances not commonly known, that seem to favour this story; —the commons, after the restoration, voted 70,000 l. 29 Jan. 1677-8, for a solemn *funeral* for his majesty king Charles I. and to erect a *monument* to his memory.—Sir Christopher Wren, by king Charles II'd's order, drew a design for a most magnificent *mausoleum* or *tomb* in consequence of this vote.—The ground was pitched upon whereon it was to be erected; which was, near Windsor-castle, on the very spot where now stands a little Gothic building raised by cardinal Wolsey, called the Tomb-house. — The drawings and estimate of the expence, amounting only to 43,663 l. were laid before his majesty.—Says Mr. Christopher Wren, *the king returned the drawings and estimates to my father, and the whole design of the funeral and tomb, from motives unknown to the public, were laid aside.*—Echard, indeed, produces a certificate from Mr. John Sewell, register of Windsor, of the interment of king Charles I. in Henry VIIIth's vault at Windsor, which makes nothing for the purpose, as the outward appearance of an interment is out of the question; but the same historian adds, that when the body of king Charles lay in
the

the dean's hall, the duke of Richmond had the coffin open'd, and was satisfied that it was the king's body ; but, as to this circumstance, he neither mentions the time nor the occasion, and the truth may be questioned, because the duke could not do this without a special order.]

Dr. Trapp, soon after the accession of his late majesty to the crown of England, had made himself obnoxious to the then ministry by his 30th of January, and other tory sermons, as they were called ; upon which, lord Sunderland informed the king that there was a certain clergyman preached very dangerous sermons, and that the only way to put a stop to such insolence, was to impeach him in parliament. His majesty enquired the character of the man : O, Sir, said my lord, *the most violent, hot, positive fellow in England ; so extremely wilful, that I believe he would be heartily glad to be a martyr.* The king answered, *Is he so ? then I'm resolv'd to disappoint him ;* and never would hear a word more of the complaint.

Captain Hall, sitting in a coffee-house near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in some discourse that favoured of learning, the captain thought fit to interpose ; and professing to deliver the sentiments of his fraternity, as well as his
I own,

own, turning to the clergyman, spoke in the following manner ; *D--n me, doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin ? D--n me, a scholar, when he comes in'to good company, what is he but an ass ? D--n me, I would be glad, by G-d, to see any of you scholars with his nouns and his verbs, and his philosophy and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege or blockade, or reconnoitering,—D--n me, &c.* The clergyman gravely reply'd, *But pray, Sir, do you think, with your oaths and your damme's, you shall be able to storm heaven ?*

In the year 1733, an experiment was tried on one Gordon, a noted highwayman, thro' the means of the late duke of Montague, who being assured by Mr. Chovet, an anatomist of that time, that opening the windpipe would prevent the fatal consequences of the halter, obtained a pardon for Gordon, on condition he would try the experiment upon himself. Dr B-vis and Chovet attended him several times in his cell, but it was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to cut his own throat. At length he made a slight incision, which Chovet opened ; the effect of which was, that when Gordon stop't his mouth, nostrils and ears for some time, air enough came through the cavity to continue life.

But

But when he came to be suspended in the halter, tho' there was breath enough to play the lungs, the veins were stop'd that carried on the circulation of the blood, so the man died like the rest of his fellow rogues. On which the duke humourously rebuked the surgeon, by telling him, *he had but half learnt his trade; he knew how to let the air to a man's lungs; but did not understand casing his veins.*

[This Gordon had been a bold highway-man twenty years, had robbed the Chester mail and hanged his accomplice, was tried for robbing the Fishmongers company on Epping-Forest, but proved himself in Ireland. The robbery he was hanged for was on Mr. Peters, under-treasurer of the Temple, between Knightsbridge and Hyde-Park, but being drunk was off his guard, and soon taken.]

In the reign of Edward IV. a citizen of London, who lived at the sign of the crown, was convicted of high-treason for saying in a jocular manner, *He would make his son heir to the crown.*

In 1733, Sir Simon Stuart of Hartley, in Hampshire, looking over some old writings, found on the back of one of them a memorandum noting that 1500 broad pieces were buried in a certain spot in an adjoining field.

Whereupon he took a servant, and after digging a little in the place, found the treasure in a pot, hid there in the time of the civil wars by his grandfather Sir Nicholas Stuart, with this note on the top written on parchment. *Rather for the Devil than Oliver.*

As some christian captives at Algiers, who had been ransom'd, were going to be discharged, the cruizers brought in a Swedish vessel. Among the crew was the father of one of those captives. The son soon made himself known to the father, but their unhappiness to meet in that place was grievous to both. The young man, however, considering that the slavery his father was going into would inevitably put an end to his life, requested, *that his father might be released and himself detained in his room*; which the Moors readily granted; but when the story was told to the governor, he was so affected with it that he caused the son likewise to be discharged, *as the reward of his filial tenderness.*

King James I. being apt to talk to his courtiers in time of divine service, bishop Laud, one Sunday, when he knew his majesty was in high good-humour, made a full stop in his sermon as often as he perceived the king in discourse. His majesty asking him after service the occasion of it, the bishop told him, *he could not think it consistent with good manners*

to interrupt his majesty's conversation.—Then, good faith, said the king, I'll be even with you, I'll ne mair interrupt your lordship's sermon.

When the civil war was breaking out about the middle of the last century, there lived a memorable small-coal-man in Kent-street, who had lost most of his customers by endeavouring to be civil to all. The good-women on the king's side would buy no small-coal from a rogue that conversed with the round-heads; and the parliament good housewives withdrew their penny a week from an ungodly incendiary that sold fire to the royalists. What should a poor devil do under this terrible dilemma? He took it wisely into his head to turn idiot, and left off his trade. The consequence fell out to his wish. Both sides took stupidity into its protection; the Puritans, because this loss of his wits was a visible judgment from heaven; and the Royalists, because he *ran mad from too quick a sense of the times*. And thus a fellow who was ready to starve by his industry, lived in plenty by his cunning.

Dr. —, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, was remarkable for two things, a great stock of wit, and a great stomach; one day after dinner and half an hour's facetiousness and gluttony, just as the course was going to

be removed, he began to look with unusual melancholy; every one about him wonder'd at the doctor's gloominess, and at last the President of the college ask'd him the reason. Sir, answered he, *I am extremely out of order.* Dear doctor, answered the President, you look well and rosy, your colour is fresh, and you seem not to have lost your stomach. Mr President, reply'd our reverend trencherman, *however well my looks may be, my case is desperate. I am not long a man of this world; the proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall but before the last course was removed my circingle fairly touched the margin of the table; you see, notwithstanding my best endeavours at the venison-pasty, I am now distant full three inches; it is no touchers; I fall strangely away, and I'm a gone man!* Is that all the matter, cry'd the President; courage, Dr, tho' you have not reach'd at a touchers; for you must know, we have had the table mov'd six inches farther from the bench you sit upon, and therefore instead of losing three inches, you have gain'd three. *Oho! is that the business? it is well enough then,* answered the doctor, with a smile upon his countenance; and immediately resumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and roll'd home to his chamber with great chearfulness.

At a quarter-sessions in Leicester, the justices had wisely decreed to take off a half-penny

penny a pint from the price of ale, as knowing the sellers of it would abate a proportionable part of the strength of it, and working-men would not be so liable to be intoxicated. Mr. Woolley, who was one of them, and came in after the thing was determined, and who was a lover of good ale, being informed of what had passed, said, *Gentlemen, you have made an order that ale should be sold in our county for three-halfpence a pint; I desire you will now make another to appoint who must drink it, for by G— I won't.*

Monsieur D'Aubigny, grandfather to madam Maintenon, tells a very remarkable story of himself. He was one of the head of the protestants in the reign of Henry the IVth of France, and opposed the court with so much vigour, that the king was determined to take away his life, or confine him to the Bastile. M. D'Aubigny being privately informed of it, considered how to preserve himself; and after many deliberations, he resolved to repair to court, and beg a pension of the king, as the surest method. His majesty, very much surpris'd, as well as pleas'd to see a man of his high spirit humbled, immediately embraced him, and granted his request. From the court he went to the duke de Sully, the prime-minister, who congratulated him on this occasion, and shewed him the Bastile; assuring him that he would have been

been a prisoner there in less than 24 hours, tho' now in no farther danger.

A poor crazy Capuchin in Lewis XIIIth's time, took it into his head to acquaint his audience, in a fit of enthusiasm, *that he had luckily found out an expedient, which he did not doubt but would make all men happy and just, even in this life, and that the flesh should no longer lust against the spirit.* He then proceeded to explain himself, by telling them, that the cause of all the wickedness and sin, and by consequence of all the miseries and afflictions in the world arose from the enmity between God and the Devil, by which means God was often crossed in his good intentions to mankind both here and hereafter, the devil by his temptations making us incapable of the mercy and favour of our Creator: therefore, he had a design, he told them, with the assistance of the Roman church, to mediate with the Almighty to take the devil into favour again; and then, said he mankind having no tempter, will all necessarily be good.

Mr. Christopher Stephens, a tobacconist at Reading, who had acquired a large fortune by his industry, but had no children of his own to inherit it, sent for a nephew out of America, to succeed him both in his business which was very considerable, and in part of his estate; but the youth turning out wild,
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the dissenting minister of the place, who had a great ascendancy over the old gentleman, took occasion one day to discourse him concerning the disposal of his worldly concerns, telling him at the same time, that as he could be no stranger to his nephew's character, it would be more prudent to bequeath his fortune to charitable uses than to bestow it on one who would squander it away in pleasure and debauchery. Mr. Stephens heard him with great composure ; and as he spoke thro' his nose, said, *Why, Sir, what you say may be very good pulpit-doctrine ; but 'tis a maxim with me that charity begins at home, and my nephew can never have more pleasure in spending my money than I have had in getting of it ; and therefore I'll never leave him a shilling the less for being wild ; for the wilder he is he'll have the more need of money.* The minister, who did not expect such a return, changed the subject ; but the old gentleman never relish'd him afterwards.

The famous Buffy d'Ambois, said to be the handsomest man in France of his time, being invited to court on a grand day, where every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that day a plain suit of cloaths, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure : the event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixt upon

upon him ; all the rest looked like his attendants, whilst he alone was distinguish'd as of superior quality.

Dr. South, when he lived at Caversham in Oxfordshire, was called out of bed one cold winter's morning by his clerk, to marry a couple, who were then waiting for him. The doctor hurried up, and went shivering to church, where, when he came, seeing nobody there but an old man of 70, a woman about the same age, and his clerk, he asked in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and that woman did there ? The old man reply'd, *they came there to be married.* The doctor looking sternly at him, *Marry'd ! Yes, married,* said the old man hastily ; *better marry than do worse.*—*Go, get you gone, you silly old fools,* said the doctor, *get home and do your worst ;* and accordingly hobbled out of church in a great passion, raving at his clerk for calling him out of bed on such a sleeveless errand.

In the nineteenth year of the reign of queen Elizabeth (1579) the fourth, fifth and sixth days of July were holden the assizes at Oxford, where was arraigned and condemned one Rowland Jenks, for his seditious tongue, at which time there arose such a pestilential stench from the body of the prisoner, that almost all present were infected. The jurors died presently ;

sently ; shortly after died Sir Robert Bell, lord chief-baron ; Sir Robert de Olie ; Sir William Babington, Mr. Wenman, Mr. de Olie, high-sheriff, Mr. Davers, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Kirle, Mr. Pheteplace, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Foster, serjeant Baram, Mr. Stephens, &c. There died in Oxford 300 persons, and sickened there but died in other places 200 and odd, from the 6th of July to the 12th of August. After which died not one of that sickness, for one of them infected not another, nor any woman nor child died thereof.

After the battle of Edghill, which was the first that was fought between king Charles I. and the parliament army, and which was a sort of drawn battle ; when the enemy had retired, the king's party returned to the field to view the dead bodies, and to enquire after their friends that were missing, where they found several not yet dead of their wounds, but lying stript among the dead ; among whom, with others, young Mr. Scroop brought off his father, Sir Gervas Scroop ; who, being an old Gentleman of great fortune in Lincolnshire, had raised a foot-company among his tenants, and brought them in to the earl of Lindsay's regiment, out of respect to his lordship, as well as duty to the king ; and had, about the time that general was taken, fallen with sixteen wounds in his body and head, and had lain stript among the dead

dead, from that time, which was about three in the afternoon on Sunday, all that cold night, all Monday and Monday night, and till Tuesday evening; for it was so late before his son found him; whom with great piety he carried to a warm lodging, and afterwards to Oxford, where he almost miraculously recovered.

When William of Normandy, now called William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings in Suffex, was directing his march into Kent, Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, and Egglefine, abbot of St. Augustine, near the same city, had notice of his design; they presently assembled the chief men of the county, and having laid open the impending danger, proposed a stratagem to stop the progress of the enemy and preserve their liberties; to which all readily agreed. Accordingly, the night before the conqueror was expected, they privately stole with their men in small parties into the woods near Swancombe, where they lay concealed till his arrival, and then carrying in their hands great boughs of trees, suddenly surrounded him and his men unprepared. The Conqueror was confounded, and had hardly presence of mind to provide for his defence. Stigand and Egglefine taking advantage of his surprize, presented themselves before him, and frankly declared that the men of Kent were come to meet

meet him as their king, but with determined resolutions to die rather than acknowledge him their conqueror; that all they required was a confirmation of their ancient rights and privileges, on the continuance whereof their zeal and their loyalty would wholly depend. The haughty Norman hesitated a while; but recollecting the danger he was then in, and being entirely ignorant of their number or strength, or by whom he was encompassed, judged it most prudent to agree to the terms proposed, and accepted of the earldom of Kent conditionally, never to infringe their rights, or to deprive them of their ancient tenures.

There is a story of the famous Rabelais, who, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expences, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, wrote upon one, *Poison for Monsieur*; upon a second, *Poison for the Dauphin*; and on a third, *Poison for the King*. Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get sight of them. The plot succeeded as he desir'd; the host secured his guest, and gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought

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up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expence with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder, upon examination, being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the gallies.

A Dervise, as Sir John Chardin tells us, travelling through Tartary, and arriving at the city of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the eastern people. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that inn. The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not an inn, but the king's palace. It happen'd that the king himself pass'd thro' the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, ask'd him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from an inn. Sir, says the dervise, *give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in*

this house when it was first built? The king reply'd, his ancestors. And who, says the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king reply'd, his father. And who is it, says the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him, that it was he himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answer'd, the young prince his son. Ah, Sir, said the dervise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, may as well be called an inn as a palace.

The late reverend Basil Kennet was once chaplain in a ship of war; and as his place was to mess with his brother officers, he found they were so addicted to the impious and nonsensical vice of swearing, that he thought it not becoming his character to continue any longer among them, unless he could prevail upon them to leave it off; but conceiving at the same time that any grave remonstrance would have but little effect, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might answer his purpose. One of the company having entertained the rest with a story agreeable enough in itself, but so interrupted and perplex'd with *damme! blood and wounds!* and such like shocking expletives as made it extremely ridiculous, Mr. Kennet then began a story himself, which he made very entertaining and instructive, but interlarded it with

the words *bottle, pot, and glass*, at every sentence. The gentleman who was the most given to the silly vice, fell a laughing at Mr. Kennet, with a great air of contempt. *Why*, said he, *G-d d-mme, doctor, as to your story, it is well enough; but what the d—l have we to do with your d—d bottle, pot, and glass?* Mr. Kennet very calmly reply'd, *Sir, I find you can observe what is ridiculous in me, which you cannot discover in yourself; and therefore you ought not to be offended at my expletives in discourse any more than your own.* — *Oh, oh! d-mme, parson, I smoke you; you shall not hear me swear another oath whilst I am in your company: nor did he.*

A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion in the way of his business to travel to some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant to carry his portmanteau. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was privy, who watch'd his opportunity, and with a pistol shot his master dead. With his booty he made off undiscovered to a distant country where he had reason to believe neither he nor his master were known, and there he began to trade in a low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of a good many years seemed to rise by the natural progress of business.

finess into wealth and consideration; so that
 his good-fortune appeared at once the effect
 and reward of his industry and virtue. Of
 these he counterfeited the appearances so well
 that he grew in great credit, married into a
 good family, and at length was chosen chief
 magistrate of the city where he dwelt. In
 this office he maintain'd his character fair and
 unimpeached, till one day as he sat on the
 bench with some of his brethren, a criminal
 was brought before them who was accused of
 murdering his master. The evidence came
 out full; the jury brought in their verdict
guilty, and nothing remained but the presi-
 dent of the court to pronounce sentence, who
 appeared to be in an unusual agitation of
 mind, and his colour chang'd often; at length
 he rose from his seat, and coming down from
 the bench, placed himself just by the unfor-
 tunate man at the bar, to the no small asto-
 nishment of all present: *You see before you,*
 (addressing himself to those who had sat on
 the bench with him) *a striking instance of the*
just reward of heaven, which this day, after
thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater
criminal than the man just now found guilty.
 Then he made an ample confession of his
 guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly
 the ingratitude of it to a master who had
 raised him from the very dust, and reposed a
 peculiar confidence in him; and told them in
 what manner he had hitherto screened him-

self from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask which he had wore. But now, added he, *no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt beset me in all their horror; the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against the criminal, till I had first disburthened my conscience by accusing myself. Nor can I now find any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide. Therefore in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious offender.* We may easily suppose the amazement of the whole court, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

The famous Mogul emperor, Aurengzeb, having occasion for money, published an edict requiring all the Faquiers in his kingdom to assemble on a certain day on a large plain, where

where he might have the pleasure of dining with them. He ordered a vast number of new cassocks to be ready against the time, and after dinner presenting one to every Faquier, order'd him to pull off his old one, and throw them in a heap, and caused them all to be burnt. This produced a vast sum. He was no stranger to the tricks of those pretended monks; he knew them to be great collectors of alms, which for safety they quilted in the folds of their cassocks; and this was the motive of his generosity to the poor Faquiers.

[The Faquiers are a sort of begging priests in that country, who affect great poverty, but who concealed vast riches in their rags]

An eminent trader at Lyons, who had acquired an easy fortune, had two handsome daughters whom he married to his liking, and divided between them all he had, upon an agreement that he should pass the summer with the one, and the winter with the other. Before the end of the first year he found sufficient ground to conclude, that he was not a very acceptable guest to either; of which however, he took no notice, but hired a handsome lodging in which he resided a few weeks. He then applied himself to a friend, and told him the truth of the matter, desired him to give him 200 livres, and to lend him
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fifty thousand in ready money for a few hours. His friend very readily comply'd with his request. The next day the old man made a grand entertainment, to which his daughters and their husbands were invited. Just as the dinner was over, his friend came in a great hurry, told him of an unexpected demand upon him, and desired to know if he could lend him 50,000 livres. The old man told him, without any emotion, that twice as much was at his service if he had wanted it; and going into the next room brought him the money. After this he was not suffered to stay any longer in his lodging; his daughters were jealous if he remained but a day more in one house than in the other; and after three or four years spent in this manner, he died; when upon examining his cabinet, instead of riches there was found a note in which were these words; *He who has suffered by his virtue, has a right to avail himself of the vices of those by whom he has suffered; and a father ought never to be so fond of his children as to forget what is due to himself.*

Mr. Brown, formerly a face painter in Holborn, was one day walking in St. James's Park, and happened to please the eye of a fine lady, who upon finding out his profession, sent for him the next morning to take her picture. He found the lady alone who made several amorous advances. Charm'd with
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her beauty, but a little shock'd at her behaviour, he returned home called his little family about him, took his wife upon his lap, and fell into discourse upon the amiableness of virtue, the charms of modesty, and the transports which attend virtuous love. Soon after the lady sent for him again : He went, but took a little girl, a gentleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, about ten years old, along with him, pretending that he met her at the door, and being willing to see her home, hoped the lady would excuse his bringing her up. She sat a second time, but was much out of humour. The next day the lady sent again ; but he excused himself by pretending to be somewhat indisposed, and desired the lady to take the third sitting at his own house, charging his wife to be present if the lady should come. The lady insisted upon his coming to her, as she had set apart that afternoon for the purpose, and would not be disappointed ; but he absolutely refused to go, and concealing his reasons, went out upon other business, after taking a tender leave of his wife, who was that afternoon to pay a visit. Mr. Brown returned before she was dress'd, but imagined she was gone out, and had no sooner got into the outer room, but somebody knock'd at the door, and up came the lady. *Well, Sir,* said she, *I find love, which brings me here, frightens you away.* Mrs. Brown, alarmed at so uncommon a salutation

lutation from a lady to her husband, placed herself at the key-hole of the door of the room she was dressing in. The lady upbraided his coldness, and wondered what in the name of beauty was so frightful in her that he durst not trust himself alone with her at her lodgings. Mr. Brown seeming not to understand her, answered only, *Will your ladyship please to sit?* No! reply'd she with some warmth; the picture serves only for a pretence for being alone with you; love is my business, tho' you seem to neglect it. Then rushing into his arms, she rested on his shoulders and kissed him with great eagerness. Upon this, poor Mrs. Brown was ready to fall down; but her fears abated when she saw with what a steady resolution he still kept his ground; and in compliance with the lady, took her faintly in his arms, gave her two or three kisses, and without any seeming emotion, quitted her. Then the lady began to declare in plain terms, how much she loved him, and told him, she was of an honourable family, but wedded to a gentleman, whom notwithstanding his unbounded generosity, she hated and despis'd; that many gentlemen of birth and fortune had endeavoured by all possible means to obtain the favour which she then offered him, but that in all her life she had known no more than one man, whom she loathed. Here she ty'd up her garter, giving him an opportunity of seeing a very handsome

some leg ; afterwards pulling out a purse of gold, she said, that was at his service if he would accept of it upon the easy terms she proposed. This obliged him to answer ; *No, madam ; if I am the object of your love, tempt me no farther to wrong an innocent and virtuous wife. 'Tis not in the power of money, or aught else the world can give to purchase the smallest share of my affections from her.*—*Why,* replies the lady, *your wife is not handsome.*—*Not,* says he, *when compar'd to you ; but she has an angel's mind.* Upon this he called up a gentlewoman who lived below, and said, he desired she would be pleased to look upon the lady's picture whilst the lady was present, and tell him if he had been so lucky as to hit upon her likeness. The lady saw he was determined to disappoint her, which raised her resentment to such a degree that, at length, she rushed out of the room like a fury. Mr. Brown, presently after went out, without discovering that his wife had been all the while in the inner room. She too went to pay her visit ; but, says she, when I got home in the evening, I neither knew what to do with him, nor how to contain myself. However, I kissed him, and cry'd most heartily.

Old Sir Hugh Montgomery, a Scots gentleman, who had long been an admirer of the ladies, and was always fond of their company,
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and they of his, on account of his droll humour, was strongly importuned to dance one evening with some young girls where he happened to be visiting; and to oblige them he comply'd. But after they had done they began to rally Sir Hugh on his awkward performance; particularly, one ask'd him what made him straddle so? The old gentleman, with his wonted drollery reply'd, *Gued faith, Mijs, gin you had between your legs what I have between my legs, ye wad e'en straddle too*; which set all the company a laughing.

About the beginning of king William's reign, one of Tourville the French admiral's ships took prisoner a Suffex fisherman. The admiral was then preparing to make a descent upon England in favour of king James; and intending to land in Suffex, he was earnest to know how the people of that country stood affected to the government. He ordered the fisherman upon deck, and began himself to question him how he and his neighbours loved king James? and how the prince of Orange, or king William, as you call him, said the admiral? and how they were affected to the government? The fisherman stared, and said, that he had never seen either of the gentlefolks, whom his honour was pleased to mention, in his life; that mayhap they were very civil persons, and he had no ill-will to either; God bless them both. As to matters of go-

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vernment, how should he know any thing of them, for he could neither write nor read. The admiral thinking the fellow grossly ignorant of all public affairs, at last said to him, Come, come, you're a good likely fellow, and as you are so indifferent about all parties, you can have no objection to listing in my ship. *What !* said the fellow, *to fight against my country ! I would not do that for the French king's ransom.*

The late bishop of Durham, who was a great scholar and an able speaker, but remarkable for a total neglect of dress, and a slovenly habit of keeping one hand almost always *in his breeches*, having been pitched upon by the ministry to introduce the bill for making a provision for officers widows, into the House of Lords, his lordship, when he made the motion, stood with the bill in one hand, and held the other in *the usual place* ; and then began with great solemnity to acquaint the House, that *what he had in his hand was for the benefit of officers widows* ; upon which, the duke of Argyle, who never missed an opportunity to mortify the clergy when it offered, instantly interrupting him before he could proceed farther in his speech, asked with a smile, *In which of your hands, my lord ?* The jest put the whole house in a roar, but did not in the least disconcert the bishop, who

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went on with his motion as if no such interruption had been made.

The earl of Rochester, in king Charles II's time, was as famous for his frolicks and humour as he was infamous for his vices; and one day as he was walking in the Park with some of his gay companions, he saw doctor Barrow, one of the gravest divines, and the greatest mathematician of his time, musing along the Mall, in his usual contemplative manner; and so he proposed to make up to him, and have some drollery, as he term'd it. His companions were ready enough to attend him; and upon meeting the doctor, lord Rochester making a very low bow, with great vivacity said, *Doctor, a good morning to you—I am exceedingly glad to see you—I am yours to the very Centre of Gravity.* The doctor, who was not easily to be surpris'd, perceived his drift, and with all the composure in the world, returned the lowly bow, and said, *My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes.* This put his lordship to a short pause, but as wit is seldom at a loss—*Doctor,* said he, *I am yours to the lowest pit of Hell.*—*There then,* reply'd the doctor, *I will leave your lordship;*—and so pursued his walk.

The old earl of Bedford, who was afterwards created a duke, happened, when he was in waiting at court, to be called away

upon some pressing affairs of his own, but promised his majesty that his stay should not exceed the hour of twelve. But when that hour came the earl was still absent; and the king, who had enquired for him several times, when he appeared was in some displeasure; just as he enter'd, however, the clock in the drawing-room struck *One*, and the earl perceiving his majesty angry, by a presence of mind peculiar to himself, went up with his cane in a seeming passion, and broke the glass of the clock all to pieces. What is that for, said his majesty, what provocation has the clock given your lordship? — *Provocation!* said the earl, *nay, your majesty can witness it, the clock struck first.* — This seasonable jest averted the king's displeasure, who could not help smiling, tho' much against his will.

When lord O-f-rd was upon his travels, during his stay at Rome he appeared in a private manner, but yet took care to see every thing that was curious in a place so much the admiration of the whole world. It happened, however, that notwithstanding all his precautions, his quality came to be known to the present pope, Lambertini, who, perhaps, is the most sensible man that ever filled the Roman See; his holiness immediately upon this notice, sent a most friendly invitation to his lordship to come and see the curiosities in his own palace, acquainting him

at the same time, that he should take a particular satisfaction in shewing him some things that he was sure he would be pleased with. His lordship return'd a suitable answer, excusing himself in a polite manner for not visiting his holiness in form, and thanking him for the great honour done him, which he knew not how to testify better than by a ready acceptance of his invitation. Accordingly his lordship, next morning, attended by two friends, who were likewise upon their travels, went to the palace, and was received by the pope with particular marks of honour and respect, as being the son of a person whose character was so well known throughout Europe; and after conducting them himself through every room in his palace, and shewing them many things that hardly any protestant had ever been permitted to see at Rome before; when they were preparing to take their leave, he said to them with a most familiar, open, and unserved countenance, *Gentlemen, I know you want no indulgences, pardons, or absolutions at my hands, because your religion teaches you to laugh at those things; but the blessing of an old man CAN do you no harm; and so clapping his hand respectively on their heads, he said God bless you; God bless you; God bless you.*

The facetious Harry H-tf-ll, than whom there is not perhaps a person of more humour

and sprightliness in conversation breathing, being in company with some gentlemen of the faculty, among whom were two of the best anatomists in England, took occasion, in order to strike out something new, to find fault with the structure of the human body; for instance, says he, a man has ten toes, for which he seems to have no manner of use, and but one little affair for the grand business of propagation, tho' to increase and multiply was the chief task allotted him. Harry, said Dr. B—vis, who was one of the company,

*Who finds not providence, all good and wise
Alike in what it gives and what denies?*

You have had enough to do to keep your *One little Matter* in repair, and if you had happened to have had ten of them to nurse, you must have been ten times more miserable. Harry allowed what the doctor said to be true, but could not help wishing for ten of 'em to try, because, said he, it would be ten to one if all of them were lame together.

When the Marquis of Ormond, who followed the fortune of king Charles II. in his exile, was over in London soliciting the king's affairs, it was remarked that Oliver knew the very day of his arrival and the day of his departure, and was informed every day what steps had been taken, and who he had conferred with the day before; but tho'

he issued out orders to the magistrates of London, and to all his officers to use their utmost diligence in order to apprehend him, yet all was to no purpose; which at that time surprised every body. But when the death of Oliver unhinged the new form of government, some who were in the secretest part of Cromwell's affairs, began to think how they might do such service to the king as to merit his regard; accordingly, Mr. Morland (afterwards Sir Samuel) who had a post in the secretary's office, sent an express to his majesty to inform him, what persons might be induced to serve him, and what methods he must take to induce them to it; and what other persons would never serve him, what professions soever they might make. He made offer of his own service to his majesty; and, as an instance of his fidelity, he advertised his majesty of a person who was much trusted by him, and constantly betrayed him; that he had received a large pension from Cromwell, and that he continually gave Thurloe intelligence of all that he knew; but with so great circumspection that he was never seen in his presence; that in his contract he had promised to make such discoveries as should prevent any danger to the state; but that he would never endanger any man's life, nor be produced to give in evidence against any; and this very person had discovered the marquis of Ormond's being in London,

London, but could not be induced to discover where his lodging was, only undertook that his journey should be ineffectual, and that he should quickly return; and then they might take him if they could, to which he would not contribute. The gentleman accused was Sir Richard Willis, who had from the beginning to the end of the war, given testimony of his fidelity to the king. He was a gentleman very well bred, and of very good parts, a courage eminently known, and a very good officer; and in truth of so general a good reputation, that, if the king had professed to have harboured any doubt of his honesty, his friends would have thought he had received ill impressions without ground; and he had given a very late testimony of his sincerity by concealing the marquis of Ormond, who had communicated more with him than with any man in England during his being there. For these reasons, neither the king nor those about him could believe this information of Moreland's, but concluded it a contrivance to amuse them; and therefore returned for answer, that the king confessed himself much satisfied in the information he had received, acknowledged the great service; only frankly declared, that nothing could convince him of the infidelity of that gentleman but the evidence of his own handwriting. The messenger no sooner brought Moreland this letter, than he dispatched another

other with all that manifestation of the truth, that there remained no farther doubt. A great number of letters were sent, whereof the character was well known ; and the intelligence communicated was of such things as were known to very few besides the person himself.

Alderman Barber was one of those gentlemen whom the world distinguish by the name of *Lovers of women* ; and tho' he was never married, yet he was shrewdly suspected to hold conversation with several free ladies, as well in his declining state of life, as in his younger days. One morning while he was in bed he was visited by Mr. Deputy B——, who without any ceremony bolted into his chamber, being told he was ill of the gout. The deputy, after the usual compliments, sat down and entered into conversation, but observing the curtains to be close drawn, and the alderman to be more reserv'd than usual, he began to suspect something more than ordinary to be the matter, and casting his eyes round the room he spy'd a woman's shoe just under the bed ; *Well, Mr. Alderman*, said he, *I hope you are not dangerously ill.—I am miserably tormented in my feet*, reply'd the alderman. *I don't wonder at that*, said the Deputy, *when you wear such narrow-toed shoes*, reaching the lady's shoe at the same time. The alderman, who could not help smiling at the

discovery, laid aside his forc'd reserve, and said, *If that's the case, Mr. Deputy, I'll get another pair.*

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being ask'd whether he would chuse to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, reply'd, *That he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man.*

Eginhart, who was secretary to Charles the Great, was a man of great abilities, and highly esteemed by his master and the whole court. Imma, the emperor's daughter, was so pleased with his person and conversation, that she fell in love with him. As she was one of the greatest beauties of the age, Eginhart answered her with a more than equal return of passion. They stifled their flames for some time, under apprehension of the fatal consequences that might ensue. Eginhart, at length, resolving to hazard all rather than be deprived of one whom his heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one night into the princess's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted. He was with her in private most part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he observed that there had fallen a great snow during his stay with the princess. This much perplex'd him, lest the prints of his feet in
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the snow might make discoveries to the king, who often used to visit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted Imma with his fears; who, after some consultation, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the snow upon her own shoulders. It happened that the emperor, not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking thro' the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first minister across the snow; which she had no sooner done but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own apartment. The emperor was extremely troubled and astonish'd at this accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart, knowing that what he had done could not be long a secret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it, begg'd the emperor that he would be pleas'd to dismiss him, pretending a kind of discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long services. The emperor would not give a direct answer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleasure. He then called together the gravest of his counsellors, and acquainting them with what he had seen, asked them their advice in so delicate an affair. Most of them were of opinion that the person could not be too severely

verely punished who had thus dishonoured his master. Upon the whole debate, the emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most advisable way, to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly, Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the emperor, *That he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the princess Imma should be given him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality*; which was soon after performed accordingly.

The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that as he passed the street in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner: upon which the good father, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, *that there was still so much christian charity left in the world.*

When Pyrrhus, king of Epyrus, had shewn the utmost fondness for an expedition he had meditated against the Romans, Cyneas, his chief favourite, asked him what he proposed to himself by this war? Why, says Pyrrhus, to conquer the Romans and reduce all Italy to my obedience. What then, says Cyneas?

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To pass over into Sicily, says Pyrrhus, and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects. And what does your majesty intend next? Why truly, says the king, to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa. And what, Sir, says the minister, is to be the end of all your expeditions? Why then, says the king, for the rest of our lives we'll sit down to good wine. *How, Sir, reply'd Cyneas, to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?*

There is a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, that deserves to be remembered. That great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of his divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest him-

himself by the side of the spring. The soldier, missing his purse, returns in search of it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expostulation : Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass. The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt ; but know, that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father.

A young negro wench of colonel Mason's in Maryland, began to breed very early, and had at the first birth a negro ; in less than a twelvemonth after, she was delivered of twins, a mulatto girl and a negro boy. Tho' born at one time, they were believed in the family to be the children of different fathers, as, besides her negro husband, it was well known that her overseer, a white man, called Thomas Phim, kept company with her, to the no small uneasiness of her black husband. But the appearance of the children was a proof stronger than any witnesses ; for, Austin, the boy, was as black a negro as could be seen, and had short, curled, woolly hair, and in every other respect was like other negroes ;

groes; but the twin, Sarah, was as remarkably white, with blue eyes, and long, black hair that reached to her waist. This girl being asked the reason of this difference in the colour of her children, reply'd, *She had looked at pealed reeds in the water, and that, she believed, had made her children black and white.*

Old justice Miller, when he was upwards of seventy, married a young girl about nineteen, and as he knew he must be the jest of his acquaintance, who would be sure to rally him on the occasion, he resolved to be prepared for them; and accordingly, when any of his intimate friends came to see him, after the first salutations had passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying, he believed he could tell them news; they naturally ask'd him, What? His reply was, *I have marry'd my taylor's daughter.* Why did you so? or, How came you to do it? was generally the return. *Why,* said the old gentleman, *the father had fitted me very well for forty years past, and I thought the daughter might fit me as well for forty years to come.*

Mr. Humphreys, a gentleman no less ancient than the justice, after marrying a young wife, was observed to lose his fore-teeth very fast, so that he had scarce one left in his upper jaw. Being in company at a club of his acquaintance, one said Mr. Humphreys had
lost

lost his teeth by lying too much upon his face and pressing them out; another, that young ladies lips had an attractive quality, and he had lost 'em by too much kissing; a third, that possibly they might be loosened while he was a batchelor. In short, every one in company had something to say on so jocular a subject. But when they had all done, the old gentleman said, he believed none of 'em had hit upon the true cause of his misfortune, but he would satisfy them. *It is an observation among naturalists,* said he, *that no creature with horns ever has any teeth in its upper jaw; and that, gentlemen, I hope will satisfy you as to the loss of mine.*

The metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, was not the doctrine of Pythagoras alone; the Bramins of Malabar teach it to this day; of which, an English captain narrowly escaped feeling the effects; for, trading along the coast, and going one day ashore, he unluckily shot a bird called Perumel, which carries one of their gods of the first rank. A Malabarian saw it; and accused him; whereupon the people in the neighbouring villages immediately assembled, seized the sacrilegious person, and he was going to be sacrificed, when a Jew, to save the captain's life, and get himself a fee, advised him to own the crime, and make the following defence; *My father who has been dead some time,*

was thrown into the sea, and was become a carp, the Perumel was going to devour him before my eyes ; and could I suffer it ? His judges struck with the justness of his plea, acquitted him.

Dr. Mead tells a story of a young man in Scotland, who was bit by a mad dog, and was married the same morning. He spent, as usual, the whole day till late at night in mirth, dancing and drinking ; in the morning he was found in bed raving mad ; his bride, a horrible spectacle, dead by him, her belly torn open with his teeth, and her entrails twisted round his bloody hands. He remarks upon this story, that the heat of the blood and spirits from excess of exercise and wine, but more perhaps from the transports of passion in the first fury of conjugal embraces, had no doubt in this calamity given such advantage to the venom, that its power was raised to a greater degree in less than twenty-four hours, than in common accidents of this kind it acquires in as many days.

The late Mr. Blunt, a Roman catholic gentleman of good family and large property in Oxfordshire, had contracted an intimacy with Mr. Wagstaff, a quaker, of Henley upon Thames, who had two handsome daughters ; the girls were free and good-natured, and the father

father was jocose and dry. One time Mr. Wagstaff happening to dine at the Squire's upon a fish day, took occasion to talk of religion, and wondered that Mr. Blunt, who was a man of sense, should deny himself the pleasure of eating like other folks; for thee knowest, says the quaker, what the scripture saith, *that it is not what goeth into the man that defileth the man.* Mr. Blunt, willing to put an end to that kind of discourse, as the priest was present, readily reply'd with a smile, *I know, friend Wagstaff, that must be a favourite doctrine of yours, because you taught it so early to your own daughters.*

Counsellor Layer, who about the year 18, was try'd and executed for being concerned in a plot against his late majesty, was so notorious a Jacobite, that he had several times been taken up, and had been in custody of one of the king's messengers for months together, insomuch that he had got great with the messenger's wife, who afterwards came frequently to visit him at his chambers in the Temple. It happen'd, however, that, previous to the discovery of the plot for which he was executed, the government had notice of the arrival of the duke of Berwick in London, and the messengers had orders issued immediately from the secretary's office to search all suspected houses, and particularly counsellor Layer's chambers, in order if possible

fible to apprehend him. These orders were not kept so secret, but they soon came to the knowledge of the messenger's wife, who took the first opportunity to apprise Layer of the danger, and if the duke were with him to contrive some method to convey him away. The duke was there sure enough, and the messengers were close at the lady's heels.—Something was therefore to be resolv'd upon quickly; Layer propos'd to the lady to strip herself instantly and go into bed.—This appeared a desperate scheme, as she every moment expected her husband to come and detect her; but Layer swore damnation to him if any harm should come to her, and at the same time said, there was no other way to preserve the duke. The lady consented, and was scarce undress'd when the messengers came thundering at the door. It was early in the morning, and Layer jumped out of bed, as it might seem, in his shirt, and going to the door, demanded in a severe tone of voice, Who they were, and what their business was with him? The answer was, They came by the king's authority, and demanded immediate admittance.—The counsellor opened the door, and seem'd under great surprise; when the gentleman whose wife was in bed, said, Mr Layer, you may make yourself easy, we have no warrant against you if you do not harbour the duke of Berwick; but our order is to search your chambers

bers narrowly, which you must not oppose. Layer, with a smile said, if that were all, he hoped as they were gentlemen, they would behave as such ; and if their business was only with the duke of Berwick, they could have nothing to do with his amours ; and therefore, as they had surpris'd him at a very unlucky time when he had a lady with him, they would be civil enough not to put her to the blush by insisting upon seeing her face, as he would give them a more convincing demonstration that no duke of Berwick was in *bed* ; and as to every other part of his chambers, they were welcome to search even to his strong box. And so begging their patience till matters were prepared, he carefully turned up the cloaths as high as the lady's middle, and by pretending to cover her face, so artfully concealed the duke, who lay across the bed under the bolster, with the lady's head upon his breast, that no suspicion could arise of so sudden a contrivance ; and then turning up her shift, he desired them to be satisfied that tho' the person there might be a dutchess, yet for the present she could have no concern with a duke. The sight set them all a laughing, and the husband said, *the duke must deal with the pope and the devil too if he could hide himself in that little hole* ; and so went and rummaged the rest of the lodgings.

There

There is a story told of a stratagem of Oliver Cromwell's, that exceeds this in stretch of policy, but of a more deliberate kind. Cardenas, when he was ambassador in England from the court of Spain, tho' he had been treated with uncommon respect by Cromwell, yet could never be brought to betray any of the secrets of his court, or enter into any measures whatever to the prejudice of his nation, in favour of the protector's views; yet in point of policy the protector was too cunning for him; for while he was making prodigious naval preparations for the war against Spain, he had the address to make its minister believe, that the fleet which was fitting out was to be sent to succour the Spaniards against the duke of Guise; and in this manner he amused him, till the burning the galleons by Blake, opened his eyes. Cardenas resented this so much that when he was afterwards recalled, he traversed every proposal of Cromwell's at the court of Madrid; so that while he remained there in office, the protector found he was not likely to carry any point. He therefore determined his destruction, tho' it was no easy matter to effect it, as his credit was great not only with the king his master, but with the whole Spanish court. Cromwell had conceived a way, however, that he thought would accomplish his ruin; and to put it in execution he sent for the keeper of Newgate, and privately retiring
with

with him into his closet, asked him many questions concerning the several qualifications of his prisoners, and among the rest if he had any in his custody remarkable for house-breaking. The goaler told him, there was a fellow under sentence of death, that he believed could get in or out of any house in the world, if his hands were at liberty. Him the protector desired to see, and him the goaler went instantly and fetch'd. The fellow was such a miserable woe-begon wretch that Cromwell stood astonish'd at the sight of him, and more so at the specimens of his art which he practis'd at the instance of his keeper, on locks of the most curious contrivance; these, tho' of different forms, he readily opened, and said, there was no lock ever made that he would not undertake to open in the same manner. The keeper was then ordered to withdraw, and the protector, after some private discourse with the fellow, remanded him back to Newgate under the same guard that brought him. But at the dead of night he sent a trusty person to Newgate, with a warrant signed in form to the keeper, for his releasement, and with orders to bring him again into his presence to receive some instructions. When the fellow came the second time, the protector then shewed him a plan of a garden and pavilion, into which he was to make his way by opening a certain number of locks, each of which had three keys; and
then

then he asked him if he thought he could effect it, promising him not only a free pardon but a considerable reward for his pains. The fellow said he could. The protector told him he should be conducted to the place where the service was to be perform'd, and then he would have a letter given him, which he was to drop under a table that he would find in the middle of the pavilion, as there represented in the plan. This was all the fellow was entrusted with, and care had been taken to provide him suitable apparel, and every thing necessary for his journey and the service he was to perform; so that he no sooner received his instructions than he was hurry'd off immediately, and put on board the vessel that carried him to Spain. The person to whose conduct he was intrusted had his instructions likewise; but as the one did not know where he was to be carried, so the other was not acquainted with the business of his companion when he had brought him to the determin'd place and given him the letter; but was instantly to leave him to himself, and repair to Venice with another letter, which he was to deliver to the English envoy there. Each of these performed his service punctually. The letter the felon carried was directed to Don Cardenas, secretary of state to the Spanish king; and was written in English with Cromwell's own hand, thanking him for the care he had taken to perform his engagements,

ments, and acquainting him the 20,000*l.* sterling which had been stipulated was lodged in the bank of Venice for his use, and that he might draw for it whenever he pleased. This letter, as Cromwell had foreseen, was picked up by the king, whose custom was to repair to that pavilion every morning to deliberate on the weighty affairs of the nation, and to read dispatches, as well as to receive the advice and assistance of his council. The king knowing the hand, but not understanding the contents, was greatly alarmed, and immediately sent for the English agent, who read the contents to his majesty, but protested his ignorance as to any secret intelligence between Cardenas and his master, who, he said, was of such a temper as never to entrust a second person with things of that nature. This increased his majesty's apprehensions, and when the council assembled, Cardenas was ordered to withdraw, and the letter was produced by the king, with an account of its contents and the manner of finding it; adding, that Cardenas was indeed the last man that sat there except his majesty, the evening before it was found. All unanimously pronounced him a traitor; and his whole conduct, while at the English court, was recalled to mind, and urged in proof of it; but his majesty, whose affection for him was sincere, was unwilling to judge so rashly of him without further evidence, and knowing the artifice

fices of courtiers to disgrace or supplant one another in their princes favour, and that it might not be impossible that some other of the council might counterfeit such a letter, and drop it there with a design to ruin Cardenas, proposed to trace the affair to the bottom before passing sentence, by sending to Venice to know if such a precise sum was lodged in the bank there, by whom lodged, and for whose use. His majesty's proposal was thought reasonable, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to the Spanish minister at Venice to make strict inquiry into the above particulars. The messenger returned, and brought with him the original order, dated the same day with the letter to Cardenas, written with the same hand, and to remove all suspicion, sealed with the protector's own seal and the great seal of England annex'd.—There now remained no farther doubt. Cardenas was infamously degraded, and his estate confiscated; but his majesty, by reason of his age and long services, thought fit to spare his life.

During the warm disputes in Sacheverell's time between the High-Church and the Low, an encounter happened in King's-street, Westminster, between the mobs of the two parties. The Low-Church prevailing drove the Tories quite to Westminster Ferry, where their ammunition of stones and brick-bats failing,

they

they passed their time very indifferently, till R—ll, the non-juring parson, who saw the distress of his party, threw himself in the way. *God Almighty bless you, doctor, cry'd some of the ringleaders, pass along, we mean you no harm; you need not be afraid.—I afraid!* said he dryly, *no, no, I assure you, I am not afraid of myself, but of that good woman's oysters;* pointing to a woman who sat near them. They took the hint, and down went the poor woman's basket, and the mob supply'd themselves with plenty of ammunition, which they would never have thought of, had they not been forbidden the use.

A story is told to the honour of a Roman soldier, that when Cæsar landed in Britain, one of his legions being pursued by the enemy took refuge in a morass, on which, a private centinel posting himself in a narrow pass, bravely defended it with his sword, and stoppt the pursuers, till his party disengaging themselves retired in good order. Cæsar, who had been a spectator of his bravery, ran to him, embraced him, and extolled his courage before the whole army. But the soldier thinking himself unworthy of the honour, threw himself at Cæsar's feet, and most earnestly begged forgiveness for having left his shield behind.

In a long march which the young pretender had made in Lancashire, through very bad roads, in the late rebellion, he had wore a hole in his shoe; upon his arrival at the first village, he sent for a blacksmith and ordered him to make a thin plate of iron, which was fastened to the bottom of the sole. Then paying him for his labour, said, *My lad, thou art the first blacksmith that ever shod the son of a king.*

A raw country boy in the late war having a strong fancy to go to sea, entered on board a privateer. An engagement soon happened with a French ship of greater force, in which the boy desired a musket and ball to kill the French captain; for, adds he, I was always sure of a carrion crow, and can hit a mark as well as the gunner himself: but the boy's request was disregarded, the privateer given up, and the whole crew made prisoners and carried into France, where the boy was daily reciting the story of his offer, always concluding we should not have been here if I had been heard. Well, says one of the owners, if I live to get to England, I'll have another ship, and a captain that shall try thee. He did so; and the first engagement they were in, the boy fetch'd down the officers so fast that the enemy presently struck. *And now,* says the boy, *for the honour of old England, I'll fight a whole French company.*

Admiral

Admiral Blake, when he commanded the English fleet, procured a ship for his own brother upon a supposition that he was a man of courage as well as himself ; but coming to action his brother's heart fail'd, and he betray'd cowardice on the first trial ; on which the admiral instantly broke him, and sent him home with this sarcastical saying, *That tho' my brother can't face the enemy on board a ship, he may yet serve his country at the plough-tail.* And to find him employment, he left him his whole estate when he died.

Mr. Harriot was author of a great discovery in Algebra, which he printed at London, and afterwards Des Cartes publish'd his Geometry, in which he inserted the same invention, without taking notice from whom he had it, and for which he was admir'd by all the foreigners who had not seen the other. Some time after, Sir Charles Cavendish, brother to the first duke of Newcastle, who was well skill'd in mathematics, was at Paris, and he discoursing there with Mr. Roberval, a famous geometrician, concerning that piece of Des Cartes, then lately published, I admire, said Roberval, that thought of Des Cartes, of putting over the whole equation to one side, and making it equal to nothing. The reason why you admire, said Sir Charles, is because you are a Frenchman, for if you were an Englishman, you would not admire it.

it. Why so? reply'd Roberval. Because, said Sir Charles, ~~we~~ in England know whence he had it, namely, from Harriot's Algebra. Next time you come to my chamber, added Sir Charles, I will shew it you; which some time after he did; and upon perusal of it M. Roberval cry'd out, *Il a vûeu, il a vûeu*; He had seen it, he had seen it; he's a thief and a plagiarist.

Lewis XIV. of France, during Q. Anne's war, made use of a very politic stratagem to recruit his army after its being almost ruined by the siege of Turin, the battle of Ramellies, and the relief of Barcelona. It happened to be a time of prodigious scarcity, and therefore his majesty issued out money, and sent ships to Egypt, Syria, Constantinople, and other places where corn was cheap, and filled his magazines, and while his generals were surpris'd that he issued no orders about levies, he only commanded them to take care that his soldiers should have plenty of bread, and to publish it every where that it was his majesty's strict orders. On this the poor starving peasants ran every where to the officers, and list'd so fast, that tho' they wanted eighty thousand men, the army was fill'd up without any expence for levies, besides twenty new regiments by way of augmentation.

Captain

Captain Clarke, trafficking on the coast of Africa, went up the country where he was introduced to a Moorish king, who being taken with the polite behaviour of the captain, put such confidence in him as to entrust him with his son, about eighteen years of age, and another sprightly youth of quality to be brought up in England. The captain received them with great civility, but basely sold them for slaves. Shortly after he died, and on the ship's return home, the officers related the whole affair; on which the government sent to pay their ransom, and they were brought to England and put under the care of the right honourable the earl of Halifax, first commissioner of trade and plantations, who gave orders for cloathing and educating them in a very genteel manner; after which they were introduced to his majesty, richly dressed, who received them graciously and made them handsome presents. On the first of February, 49 they went to Covent Garden theatre to see the tragedy of Oroonoko, where, on seeing persons of their own colour on the stage, apparently in the same distress from which they had been so lately delivered, the tender interview between Imoinda and Oroonoko, who was betray'd by the treachery of a captain, his account of his sufferings, and the repeated abuse of his placability and confidence, so strongly affected the young prince, that he was forced

to retire at the end of the fourth act. His companion staid, but wept the whole time, which attracted the eyes of the whole audience.

[In Nov. 1738 these princes were baptized by the reverend Mr. Terret.]

The late duke of Montague being in company with some other noblemen, proposed a wager, that let a man advertise to do the most impossible thing in the world, he would find fools in London to fill a playhouse, who would think him in earnest. Surely, said the earl of C——d, if a man should say, he could jump into a quart bottle, nobody could believe that. The duke was stagger'd a little, but for the jest's sake determined to try the experiment; accordingly, a person advertised
 ' that next day (Jan. 17, 1749) at the theatre
 ' in the Hay Market he would play on a
 ' common walking-cane the music of every
 ' instrument now in use, to surprising perfec-
 ' tion; that he would, on the stage, get into
 ' a tavern quart-bottle, without equivoca-
 ' tion; and while there sing several songs,
 ' and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle;
 ' that if any spectator should come mask'd,
 ' he would, if requested, declare who they
 ' were; that, in a private room, he would
 ' produce the representation of any person
 ' dead, with whom the party requesting it
 ' should

' might converse some minutes as if alive.' In consequence of this advertisement a great company came, waited till seven at night, then growing impatient and noisy, a person came before the curtain, and declared, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be return'd; one in the pit then crying out, *For double prices the conjurer will go into a pint-bottle*, a tumult began, and a person in one of the boxes threw a lighted candle on the stage: the greatest part of the spectators hurried out, and the mob breaking in, they tore down the inside of the house, and burnt it in the street. During the confusion, the money which was secured in a box, according to contract with the owner of the house, was carried off. Several persons of high rank being present, the pickpockets made a good booty; among the rest the D— of C———d lost his fine sword, for which a reward of thirty guineas was advertised, to the no small diversion of those who were in the secret.

The lady Elizabeth Piercy, being heiress to the great Northumberland estate, her mother was much concerned about providing a suitable match for her; accordingly she was twice married while an infant; first, to Henry Cavendish, earl of Ogle, only son to the duke of Newcastle, who died an infant; next, to Thomas Thynne, Esq; a young gentleman of
vast

vast estate, who was barbarously murdered in Pall-Mall through the instigation of count Coningsmark, a foreign nobleman, who had got acquainted with this lady at the court of Hanover, while she was yet undeflower'd, and wanted to marry her; upon this accident various rumours were spread, and among the rest one, that it was a judgment upon Thynne for debauching a young gentlewoman of good family under colour of marrying her, and basely deserting her when his uncle died and left him 10,000l. a year. *Ay*, said a grave divine to whom this was told, *this murder had never happen'd, if Thynne had either marry'd the woman he had lain with, or lain with the lady he had married.*

Sir Philip de Somervile held the manors of Whychenovre, Sirefcot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in Com. Stafford, of the earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service. The said Sir Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain, one Bacon-Flich, hanging in his hall at Whychenovre, ready arrayed all times of the year, but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following: Whensoever any one such as is before named will come to enquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whychenovre, and

and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth ;

‘ Bailiff, or porter, I doe you to know,
‘ that I am come for myself, to demand one
‘ bacon-flitch hanging in the hall of the lord
‘ of Whychenovre, after the form thereunto
‘ belonging.’

After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whychenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whychenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a tack and a prike, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his charges. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor, to be ready at the day appointed at Whychenovre, for to do and perform the service which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon, shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whychenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon.

And

And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabours, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall-door, where he shall, the lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, be ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

He shall enquire of him which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him; who must answer, *They be here ready.* And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past: and if he be a freeman or a villain? And if his said neighbours make oath, that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed; then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall-door, and shall then be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner.

Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whychenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne; That I A, sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I had byr in my kepyng, and at my
wyll,

wyllle, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler; richer ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; slepying ne waking at noo tyme. And if the seyd B were sole and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the wyemen of the worlde, of what condicones soever they be, good or evylle; as help me God and his seyntes, and this flesch and all fleshes.

And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheefe; and if he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of rye without cheefe. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all the things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse, and the bacon above it; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheefe before him, if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whychenovre shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be passed his lordship; and so shall they depart the manor of Whychenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabourets, and other manner of minstrellie. And all the free tenants of Whychenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whychenovre. And then shall they

they all return ; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whychenovre.

Not many years ago the then earl of Pembroke who in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light, but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked what he did there. He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost. Upon which, she spoke to him in the following manner : *Stranger, thou art in my power ; I am a murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A base, perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatch'd ; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have pluck'd out his false heart from his body ; and thus I use a traitor's heart. At these words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.*

An old fellow of a college being pressed by the society to come into something that might

might redound to the *honour* of the College to which he belong'd, said, *That, for his part, he came there to carry the honours of his College away if he cou'd ; but they might do as they lik'd.*

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.* True, son, said the hermit, *but what is thy condition if there is ?*

Sir Richard Steel tells a story of a young pragmatical fellow in the country, who upon reading over the *Whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author ; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the Squire, Churchwardens, Overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book with these extraordinary marginal notes fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before ; upon which there arose a current report that some body had written a book against the Squire and the whole parish. The minister of the parish having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation about tythes, was under some suspicion of being the author, till the good man set his people right by shewing them that the satirical passages might be applied

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plied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was written against all the sinners in England.

In the reign of K. Charles I. the company of Stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible was committed by patent, made a very remarkable blunder in one of their editions ; for, instead of *Thou shalt not commit adultery*, they printed off some thousand copies *Thou shalt commit adultery*. Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon the company in the Star-chamber.

Shortly after the restoration of K. Charles II. and the manifest joy that possessed the whole kingdom thereupon, Richard Cromwell, whom his father had declared Protector at his death, found it necessary to transport himself into France, more for fear of his debts than of the king ; who thought it not necessary to enquire after a man already forgot. After he had lived some years in Paris un-noticed, and indeed unknown, living in a most obscure condition and disguise, not owning his name, nor having above one servant to attend him, he thought it necessary, upon the first rumor and apprehension that there was like to be a war between England and France, to quit that kingdom, and to remove to some place that would be neutral to

either

either party ; and pitched upon Geneva. Making his way thither by Bourdeaux and through the province of Languedoc he passed through Pezenas, a very pleasant town belonging to the prince of Conti, who has a fine palace there, and being then governor of Languedoc, made his residence in it. Here Richard made some stay, and walking abroad to entertain himself, met with a person who well knew him, and was well known by him, the other having always been of his father's and his party ; so that they were glad enough to find themselves together. The other told him, that all strangers who came to that town used to wait upon the prince of Conti, who expected it, and always treated strangers, and particularly the English, with great civility ; that he need not be known, but that he himself would first go to the prince and inform him, that another English gentleman was passing through that town towards Italy, who would be glad to have the honour to kiss his hand. The prince received him with great civility and grace, according to his natural custom, and after few words began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him ; which the other answered briefly, according to the truth. *Well, said the prince, Oliver, tho' he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts,*

great courage, and was worthy to command; but that Richard, that coxcomb, that poltroon, was surely the basest fellow alive; what is become of that fool? How could he be such a sot? He answered, that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been obliged by his father. So, being weary of his visit, quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mention'd so kindly. And within two days after, the prince did come to know who it was whom he had treated so well, and whom before, by his behaviour, he had believed to be a man not very glad of the king's restoration.

Of all the men mentioned in history, Leonardo da Vincini, the Italian painter, seems to have had the most universal genius. In his profession of history-painting he excelled all who went before him: he was a master too in sculpture and architecture; and skilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted with the studies of history, poetry, and music. All who have writ of him mention likewise his perfection of body; the instances of his strength were almost incredible; he is described to have been a well-formed person, and master of all genteel exercises; of an honest, generous mind, adorned with
great

great sweetness of manners ; but what makes him have place here is the story of his death. The fame of his works having gained him an universal esteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after some time he fell sick ; and Francis I. coming to see him, he raised himself in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that visit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo fainting at the same instant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

In the county of Kent stands the famous steeple of Tenterden, that gave occasion to the well-known saying, which is thus made out: Goodwin, earl of Kent, father of king Harold, owned a great quantity of low lands near the isle of Thanet, which were defended from the sea by a wall that wanted continual repairs ; these lands were afterwards given to the monastery of St. Augustine near Canterbury, which had likewise the rectory of Tenterden in possession, the steeple of whose church the abbot of St. Augustine was so intent upon building, that he neglected the wall which defended the Goodwin Lands, as they were then called ; whereupon the sea broke in and overflowed them, leaving a light sand upon them, dangerous to sailors ; and thus *was Tenterden steeple the cause of Goodwin Sands.*

The famous Dr. Pitcairn was one of those physicians, whose great knowledge in his profession made him acceptable every where. When he was in Holland, the University of Leiden complimented him with the Professorship of physic, which by an unaccountable whimsicalness of temper he soon quitted, and retired to Edinburgh, under pretence of visiting his native country. He was strongly solicited to return for three years together, during which time that important post was kept vacant for him, but he resolutely declined it without assigning any other reason than that his friends in Scotland liked his company, and were loth to part with him. By this contemptuous answer the Heads of that university thought themselves highly affronted; and at last proceeded to a new election; at the same time entering it as a standing order in their statute-books, *That no Scotchman should ever be elected to a Professorship in that university for the future.*

At the battle of Edgehill, Mr Fanshaw, who was secretary to K. Charles, was taken prisoner and committed to the Tower, where he lay during the whole time of the civil wars, and till Oliver was declared Protector, without any solicitations in his favour; but at length, when all things began to be quiet, the governor of the Tower happened among other things to speak of Mr. Fanshaw, and

to make mention of him as a person of great honour, and well deserving his highness's clemency; and withal to move his compassion the more, declared that he was eat up with the scurvy, and must die if not speedily released; whereupon Oliver immediately gave orders for his enlargement; but Bradshaw, who was then present, advised that he should first take the Solemn League and Covenant. Oliver turning to him sternly, *D'ye think, said he, the solemn league and covenant will cure the man of his scurvy?*

Every body knows the general character of Lewis XIV. the late king of France, that he was ambitious, crafty, and a prince that delighted in blood; but there is a story told of him for truth, which shews, that he was more tender of the lives of men than either his enemies or friends commonly imagined. The fact was this; the Sieur Poli, a Roman chemist, having discovered a diabolical composition ten times more destructive than gunpowder, came into France in 1702, (a time when he knew that kingdom was upon the eve of a war against a formidable confederacy) and made an offer of his secret to the grand monarque. Lewis was fond of all chemical discoveries, and was highly pleased with an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity by a process of this nature; and accordingly ordered all fitting encouragement to be given

given to the inventor, who, in the royal laboratory perform'd the process, and made several experiments in his majesty's presence of the surprising effects of his composition; at the same time descanting largely on the use that might be made of it against an enemy in time of war. Sir, said the king, *your process is ingenious, and your experiments amazingly terrible, but the engines of destruction used in war are abundantly too sufficient, and I enjoin you never to disclose it more, but to destroy every memorandum relating to it, and suffer it for the sake of mankind to perish.* Poli promised upon the faith of a christian that he should be obey'd, and on that condition his majesty order'd him a princely reward, and graciously dismissed him.

Mr. Quin is a gentleman whose humour gives life to the conversation of thousands who perhaps never had the pleasure of seeing him: many of whom, but for the repetition of his wit, would be very dull companions; but the story that follows does honour to his GOOD-NATURE, and therefore it is here selected. Mr. Thomson, a Scots gentleman, now universally known by his fine poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and before he was distinguish'd by his writings was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time

time afterwards ; and upon the publication of his Seasons one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author ; and upon stricter enquiry, he was told that Thomson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn ; thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, Sir, said he, in his usual tone of voice, *you don't know me, I believe, but my name is Quin.* Mr. Thomson received him politely, and said, *that tho' he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his Name or his Merit ;* and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him, he was come to sup with him, and that he had already order'd the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. — Mr. Thomson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself by saying, *It was now time to enter upon business.* Mr. Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the Drama.) Sir, says Mr. Quin, *you mistake my meaning.* I am
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in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you. Mr. Thomson, with a disconsolate air, reply'd, that as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. *No, by G-d, said Quin, raising his voice, I'd be d—n'd before I would do that. I say, I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is,* (laying a bank-note of that value before him.) Mr. Thomson was astonished, and begg'd he would explain himself. *Why, says Quin, I'll tell you ; soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will, and among the rest of my legatees I set down the Author of the Seasons a hundred pounds, and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it when perhaps you might have less need of it ; and this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about. I need not express Mr. Thomson's grateful acknowledgments, but leave every reader to conceive them.*

The late king of Prussia was remarkable all over Europe for an extravagant humour of supporting at a vast expence a regiment of the tallest men that could be pick'd up throughout the world ; and would give a fel-

low

low of six foot and a half or more high, to lift, perhaps eighty or a hundred guineas advance, besides the charge of bringing him from the farthestmost part of the globe, if it so happen'd. One day when his majesty was reviewing that regiment, attended by all the foreign ambassadors and most of the great officers of rank both in the court and army, he took occasion to ask the French minister, who stood near him, if he thought his master had an equal number of troops in his service able to engage those gallant men? The Frenchman, who was no soldier, said, he believed not. The king, pleased with such a reply from a native of the vainest nation in the world, ask'd the emperor's ambassador the same question. The German frankly declared his opinion, that he did not believe there was such another regiment in the world. *Well, my lord Hyndford*, said his majesty to the British ambassador, *I know you have brave troops in England, but would an equal number of your countrymen, do you think, beat these?—I will not take upon me absolutely to say that*, reply'd his excellency; *but I dare be bold to say, that half their number would try.*

When Mr How was ambassador at the court of Vienna, in the time of the emperor Cha. VI. one of his Imperial majesty's principal secretary's of state, who had taken great pains to learn the English language, and by way of
exerc-

exercise used every time the dispatches arrived from England to read the English newspapers, observing that in almost every one of them there were more or less of *such a one, Esquire*, being married to a lady of beauty, merit and fortune, or, *such a one, Esquire*, being dead, to the inconsolable grief of his afflicted widow, took occasion one day to ask the ambassador what rank of honour those Esquires held, who were so numerous in his country. His excellency reply'd, *They much resembled German princes, with this only difference, that the Esquires have commonly much better estates.*

Henry Carey, first cousin to queen Elizabeth, used frequently to attend her majesty in her palace, and was thought very acceptable to her, till a trifling accident happened by which he forfeited her favour. He was one day walking in a thoughtful mood in the gardens before her window, when her majesty, thinking to divert his melancholy, said to him in Italian, *What does a man think on when he thinks of nothing?* His answer was, after a short pause, *On a woman's promise.*—*Cousin*, said the queen, *I must not confute you*, and so retir'd. Solliciting afterwards the honours of peerage, and being deny'd, he laid the disappointment so much to heart that he languish'd for a long time on a sick bed, and at length died of a broken heart.

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The late Dr. Frampton of Oxford, when he lay upon his death-bed, was visited by the most eminent physicians of that city, who all met together when they thought him in imminent danger, in order to hold a consultation concerning the nature of his disorder, and to prescribe for him; after which, Dr. Fr—n, telling him what they had agreed upon, press'd him to have immediate recourse to it, adding, that his life was at stake if he delay'd a moment. But the doctor, who had an aversion to all apothecaries potions, absolutely refused, and said, *that for his part he should trust to that great Physician in whose hands are the issues of life.* This unexpected obstinacy and religion in a member of their own body, required their united arguments to overcome; and having press'd him a good while without being able to obtain any other answer; at length being out of patience, *Gentlemen*, said he, *why do you teize me, when you all know as well as myself, that the Art you pretend to is but Opinion.*

Lord V—, who is a nobleman abounding with good-nature, had the misfortune (if it may be counted a misfortune) to be married to one of the finest ladies in Europe, but being of too sprightly a turn of mind to bear the restraints of matrimony, she had more than once made what is called the Grand Tour without the knowledge, at least without the

consent of her husband. As often, however, as she returned to her duty, so often was she kindly received by her indulgent lord ; and some time after one of these excursions, being asleep in her closet, with the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* before her, her lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the *Practice of Piety*, and so left her. When she waked, she presently perceived the trick ; and his lordship entering while the book was yet in her hand, took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. *Nay, nay*, answered my lady, *let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you ; when you, my Lord, practise the whole duty of man, then I'll read the Practice of Piety.*

Mr Law, author of the Mississippi scheme, was a Scots gentleman of narrow fortune, but great ambition ; he had travelled through great part of Europe, and subsisted chiefly on gaming, by which he acquired considerable sums, particularly in Italy, where he first hatch'd his paper-project, which afterwards gave birth to those detestable bubbles that brought both France and England to the brink of ruin. He offer'd his scheme first to the K. of Sardinia, who told him, *His dominions were too small for such a project ; adding, if I know the humour of the French, I am sure they will relish your designs.* Mr. Law took
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his majesty's advice, and found it true. The regent-duke of Orleans came into his views. In Dec. 1719, Law abjured the protestant religion, and in January following was made comptroller general of the finances; in which post he so managed affairs that he amass'd almost all the cash of the kingdom into the king's coffers, and was himself nominally worth 500,000 l. but not having the conduct or foresight to secure a shilling of it in foreign banks, he was obliged to relinquish this immense treasure, and the very next year fly secretly from France to avoid being torn to pieces by the enraged people. Such a sudden elevation and precipitate downfall has no where its parallel. From being the first man in a great kingdom on whom all men gazed as on a meteor, he was reduced, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, to the low rank of a sorry vagabond, whom all men despised; for after wandering about in different parts for some time, he died at Munich, very poor. After his decease, his widow lived at Utrecht in a private manner, but his son had the good fortune to procure a cornecy of horse in the Dutch service; and his daughter, a most amiable lady, married the lord Wallingford, son to the earl of Banbury.

Soon after my lord Ch——ld came into the privy-council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant, to which his m——ty and

the duke of D——t recommended two very different persons. His m——y espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, and told them, *He wou'd be obey'd*; but not being able to succeed, he left the council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retired, the matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried against the k—g, *because if they once gave him his way, he would expect it again, and so it would rise at length to a precedent*. However, in the humour his m——y was then in, a question arose, who should carry the grant of the office for his m——y to sign? and the lot fell on lord Ch——ld. His lordship expected to find his m——y in a very unfavourable mood; and accordingly it happen'd so; and therefore he prudently forbore to incense him by an abrupt request, and instead of bluntly asking to sign the instrument, very submissively ask'd whose name his m——y would be pleased to have inserted to fill up the blanks.—The k—g answered in passion, *The Devil's, if you will*. Very well, reply'd his lordship; *but would your m——y have the instrument run in the usual style, Our trusty and well-beloved Cousin and Counsellor?* The k—g laugh'd, and with all the good-nature in the world set his name to the paper, tho' to promote a person not very acceptable to himself.

A gentleman who had long danced attendance after the Ministry in hopes of preferment, being one day, as usual, at the duke of Newcastle's levee, and happening to cast his eyes up to the ceiling, observed to his fellow-solicitors how properly that room was decorated. The gentlemen present said, they could see no great ornament about it. *I did not say there was*, said he, *but I admire the propriety of what there is; for both top and bottom is full of Fretwork.*

Lord Ch——ld chanced one day to be at the same levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to the duke of Newcastle, happened to lie in the window. Before his Grace made his appearance, his lordship had time enough to amuse himself with the book, and when the duke enter'd, he found him reading in it. *Well, my lord*, said his Grace, *what is your opinion of that book?—In any other place I should not think much of it*, reply'd his lordship; *but here in your Grace's levee I think it one of the best books in the world.*

When Holt was lord-chief-justice, a sect somewhat like that of the methodists, but rather more enthusiastic, was the canker that festered the community; and it being his lordship's opinion that a well-timed severity was the readiest way to destroy the spreading humour, caused several of the ringleaders to

be committed to prison; upon which Mr Lacy, a follower of theirs, went to his lordship's house, and demanded a conference with him. The porter said, his lord was indispos'd. and saw no company. But tell him, said Lacy, that I must see him, for I am sent to him by the *Lord God*. The porter being struck with the oddity of the message, caused it to be deliver'd; and the judge gave orders that the man should be admitted. When he enter'd the room, *I am come*, said he to the judge, *with a message from the Lord, requiring thee on pain of everlasting fire, to grant a Noli prosequi for John Atkins, and others, God's faithful servants, whom thou hast wrongfully cast into prison — Thou art a lying prophet*, reply'd his lordship, *for if the Lord had sent thee, he would have directed thee to the attorney-general, for he knows it is not in my power to grant thee a Noli prosequi*. And so wrote his *Mittimus* to keep his brethren company.

There were about that time another kind of enthusiasts who infested the pulpits of our Northern neighbours; a specimen of whose preaching may not unaptly be here introduced. The reverend Mr. Brodie, at a kirk in Edinburgh, took his text from these words, *Resist the devil and he will flee from you*; and began in this manner: My beloved, ye are all here to-day but wot ye wha is among ye, even the mickle horn'd de'il. Ye canna see him.

him. But by the eye of faith I can see him. But some of you will say, What shall we do with him now we have him here? How shall we destroy him? We will haung him. Alas, my be'oved, there are not so many tows in the parish as will haung him; he's as light as a feather. Then some of you will say, we will drown him. Ah! my beloved, there is too much cork in his a-se; he will not sink. Others of you will say, we will burn him; Na, na, Sirs, you may scald your fals but ye canna burn him; for all the fire of hell could never yet singe a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, you canna find a way among ye all to kill him, but I'll find it. What way will this be, Sirs?—We shall even shoot him. But where-with shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. (*So, presenting the Bible as soldiers do their muskets, he cries out,*) Toot, toot, toot; now he is shot; there lies the foul thief as dead as a heron.

Dr. Matthew Wren, who was dean of Windsor and chancellor of the garter, attests with his own hand writing that king James I. discrediting the account of the Budding Oak in the New Forest of Hampshire, Andrews, bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese it grew, caused one of his chaplains, a man of known integrity, to examine strictly into the truth of it for his majesty's satisfaction. This gentle-

gentleman, upon the eve of the nativity, gathered with his own hand above a hundred slips from it, with the leaves newly open'd, which he stuck in clay in the bottoms of a convenient number of long, white boxes, and so sent them express to court; these, Dr. Wren distributed to the great persons of both sexes about the court, to the admiration of all that received them; but, adds he, a devilish fellow of Herostratus's humour, in the troublesome times that succeeded, having hewn it round the root, made the last stroke on his own leg, whereof he died with the old wonderous tree.

[Herostratus was a man who being conscious to himself of having no merit to transmit his name to posterity, resolved to do it by committing some capital mischief, and accordingly set fire to the temple of Diana, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and burnt it to the ground.]

A bold attempt was made in the reign of king Charles II. to carry off the crown and other ensigns of royalty, by one Colonel Blood, a gentleman of Ireland, who, having spent his substance in following the fortune of king Charles II. while in adversity, thought himself hardly used, by being neglected when that prince was restored to his just rights; and therefore, after being engaged in several very desperate, tho' unsuccessful plots, such as fur-

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prising the Castle of Dublin, and seizing the person of the duke of Ormond, and others, he at length thought of a scheme to make himself amends, once for all, by seizing the crown, globe, sceptre and dove, and carrying them all off together; for this purpose he put himself into the habit of a doctor of divinity, with a little band, a long, false beard, a cap with ears, and all those other formalities of garb belonging to that degree, except the gown, chusing rather to make use of a cloak, as most proper for his design. Under this disguise, he made it his business to get acquainted with the keeper of the Jewel-office; an old man, whom he treated and caressed at a rate, not so much expensive, as kind and obliging; by which means such a friendship and intimacy was soon established between them, that the old man having a son, and the doctor pretending to have a daughter, they mutually agreed to match them together; but the son being at sea, put the pretended daughter under no necessity of appearing.—The night before the fact was to be done, the doctor told the old man, that he had some friends at his house that wanted to see the Regalia, but that they were to go out of town pretty early in the morning, and therefore hoped he would gratify them with the sight, tho' they might come a little before the usual hour. (Blood had engaged three accomplices, named Desborough, Kelsey and

and Perrot, in this enterprise.) Accordingly two of them came, accompanied by the doctor, about eight in the morning, and the third held their horses that waited for them at the outer gate of the Tower, ready saddled; they had no other apparatus but a wallet and a wooden mallet, which there was no great difficulty to conceal. Upon their approach the old man received them with great civility; and presently admitted them into his office; but as it is customary for the keeper of the Regalia, when he shews them, to lock himself up in a kind of grate with open bars; to the end, that those things of high value may be seen but not soiled, the old man had no sooner opened the door of this place, but the doctor and his companions were in at his heels, and without giving him time to ask questions, effectually silenced him, by knocking him down with the wooden mallet; they then instantly made flat the bows of the crown to make it more portable, seized the sceptre and dove, put them into the wallet together, and were preparing to make their escape, when, unfortunately for them, the old man's son, who had not been at home for ten years before, came from sea in the very nick, and being told that his father was with some friends, that would be very glad to see him, at the jewel-office, he posted thither immediately, and met Blood and his companions as they were just coming out; who, instead
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of returning and securing him, as in good policy they ought to have done, pushed forward with their prize, in order to escape; but the young man seeing his father weltering in his blood, and the treasure gone, instantly alarmed the first upon guard, who giving the signal to the rest, the gates were shut, and the criminals secured, all but the man that held the horses, who instantly fled upon the first rumour; upon searching them, the prize was recovered, tho' all bruised and battered and one stone lost, which was afterwards found by a cinder wench and restored; the next thing to be done, was to confine the prisoners, and acquaint his majesty with the nature of their offence, and take directions from court how to proceed: The result was, that the king had a fancy to examine Blood himself; and while all men thought that some new punishment would be devised to torture so daring an offender, his majesty thought proper, not only to pardon him and his accomplices, but to grant Blood a pension, some say of 500l. a year, during his life. What the motives were that induced his majesty to shew so much lenity to a man, who had been engaged in so many plots and conspiracies, is yet a secret, and ever must remain so: many conjectures were formed, and surmises made, but no man knew the truth. Blood soon after died of grief, being convicted of a plot against the duke of Buckingham, who
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laid a heavy action of *Scandalum magnatum* against him, by which he was like to remain a prisoner for life ; though most people were of opinion, that this plot was forged against him by his enemies ; and having escaped punishment for what he did do, suffered at last for what he did not do.

[We have but just hinted above, that Blood was engaged in a plot to surprize Dublin-Castle, and another to seize the person of the duke of Ormond ; of both which, we shall give a brief account.]

Upon the Restoration, many English, Scots and Irish were dissatisfied, and wanted only a head to lead them into action. Colonel Blood, having declared himself of their party, was thought a proper person for that purpose ; and, as nothing could be attempted in England with any probability of success, Ireland was pitched upon for the scene of rebellion ; the colonel knowing what advantage it would be to their cause, to be master of some place of strength, proposed to begin with the surprize of Dublin-Castle ; which was accordingly to have been attempted on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the king's return, in the following manner : Blood, with a company of resolute fellows, were, under a pretence of presenting a petition to the duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant, to have procured

cured admittance, and seized his person, while about fourscore chosen foot, in the habit of tradesmen, were to have waited without, and upon a certain signal to have surprised the guards ; but this plot, by the treachery of one of the conspirators, having been defeated before it was ripe, a proclamation was issued out, with a reward of five hundred pounds for the apprehension of any of the ringleaders ; in consequence whereof, one Mr. Lockey, brother-in-law to Blood, was taken, tried, and executed, and Blood himself obliged to make his escape ; but with a full resolution to be avenged of the duke of Ormond, by whose vigilance his views had been disappointed, and his brother-in-law hanged. But it was not till nine years afterwards, that he durst attempt any thing upon the duke's person ; when having engaged five of his old trusty friends, on the 6th of Dec. 1670, being all well armed and mounted, they beset the duke's coach, as he was passing from St. James's palace, through the long street that leads to Clarendon-house where the duke then resided ; and having knocked out the flambeaux, and secured the attendants, they forced the duke out of his coach, and had actually tied him behind one of their associates, (who was to have rode with him without stopping till he came to an appointed place, where they were to meet him, and consult what advantage they could make of

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their prisoner,) when his Grace's porter, being apprized of his master's danger, by a boy who concealed himself under the coach and escaped, seasonably came to his rescue; but what is very surprising, not one of the ruffians were ever apprehended, though a thousand pounds reward was offered, till the attempt already related, discovered them; and then they were all pardoned.

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the last judgment in the pope's chapel at Rome, had painted, among other figures in hell, that of cardinal Campegio (who had once done him some ill offices abroad) with such a striking likeness that every body knew it at first sight. Upon which, Campegio complained of the affront to his Holiness, and desired it might be erased. The pope reply'd, *It was out of his power to oblige him.* Why so? said Campegio. *Because,* said his Holiness, *we can only deliver out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.*

Some years ago, among other fine paintings that adorned the great church at Harlem was one of *Abraham offering up his son Isaac*, which in every respect but the Design exceeded all the rest in the church; but *that* was of true Dutch invention indeed! for, Abraham was represented as shooting Isaac with a pocket-pistol, when instantly as the hammer

hammer was supposed to be striking up the steel, a little Cherub descends and p-sses out the fire. Bishop Burnet, speaking of Holland one day to king William, said, *he had seen a curiosity in that country, which he believed was not to be match'd in the whole world*; and his majesty being desirous to know what it was, the bishop mentioned this picture. His majesty smil'd; but when he returned to Holland, caused it to be removed.

Upon the accession of king James II. to the throne, every body knows an attempt was made to restore the Roman catholic religion in England, and for that purpose the Heads of the Universities were first applied to. Some who abhorred the superstition and dreaded the consequences, resigned their offices; but others of less scrupulous consciences thought fit to conform, among whom was Obediah Walker, then Head of University-College. Public acts were at that time look'd upon as congratulatory compliments which every new prince expected, and these were attended with plays, balls, and a variety of other entertainments. On this occasion therefore, his majesty's company of comedians from the theatre in Drury-Lane, went down to perform there, and among other plays acted, the *Committee* or *Faithful Irishman* was one. Tony Leigh, who personated Teague, and who was a man of infinite humour, in the

latter end of the comedy hawling in Obediah, a character in the play, with a halter about his neck, whom according to his written part he was to threaten to hang for no better reason than his refusing to drink the king's health, thought fit to assume a theatrical liberty; and, to justify his purpose with a stronger provocation, put himself into a more than ordinary heat with his captive, which having heighten'd his master's curiosity to know what Obediah had done to deserve such usage, Leigh, folding his arms, with a ridiculous stare of astonishment, reply'd, *Arra, by my shoule he has chaunge his Relishon.* As the merit of this jest lay chiefly in the auditors sudden application of it to the Obediah of Oxford, it was received with all the triumph of applause which the zeal of a different religion could inspire. But Leigh was given to understand that the king was highly displeased at it; *and had the opposite party prevail'd, Tony might have lived to repent it.*

Soon after the accession of king George I. to the throne of these kingdoms, a rebellion broke out in favour of the house of Stuart, who had still many friends in England as well as Scotland; at which time the government, who knew very well who were the principled Jacobites, issued out orders for apprehending those among them that were able to do most mischief, in order to confine them in prison
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till the danger was over. Among the rest Sir William Wyndham of Orchard-Wyndham, was as much suspected as any; but having married the daughter of Charles, duke of Somerset, who at that time was master of the horse, and in high favour with the king, it was thought respectful to acquaint the duke with the apprehensions that were entertained of his son-in-law's inclinations to favour the rebels (nay, of his actual intentions to join them) before they took any measures to lay a restraint on his liberty. The duke was not a little alarmed at this intimation, and being a man of high spirit, instantly dispatched an express to Sir William, in order to dissuade him from an enterprise that could not be attended with any good consequences to himself, but must reflect dishonour on his family. Sir William returned such an answer as satisfied the duke that the report was groundless; and therefore, upon the receipt of it, his grace instantly repair'd to court, *and offer'd himself to be answerable for the peaceable behaviour of his son-in-law Sir William; and on that condition obtained the royal word that he should not be molested; looking upon it as an indignity to imprison any of his family, over whom he thought he had influence enough to command loyalty, at least to restrain them from committing any open acts of treason.* But the then ministry being of opinion, that if one nobleman, however respectable, was suffer'd to protect, others could

not be denied the like indulgence, caused a warrant to be issued out against Sir William, without the duke's knowledge, and he was apprehended at Bath, just as he had got his foot in the stirrup to mount on horseback, in order, as it was said, to join the rebels; brought prisoner to London, and committed to the Tower. His grace, who was a proud man, thought his honour wounded on the occasion, and resented it accordingly. He instantly resign'd all his employments to his majesty, with this sarcastical expression, *that he scorn'd to serve a master who had the means to break his word.* The king disclaimed any knowledge of the proceeding; but the haughty duke would admit of no alleviation, and instantly retiring from the royal presence, caused all the Regalia in his custody, as master of the horse, to be loaded in hired carts and laid before the palace gate. Under any other government this contempt might have cost him dear; but his late majesty was too wise a prince to resent it. *The duke, he knew, would banish himself from court, and would live in the country in a kind of imprisonment; and as his majesty judged, so it happen'd; for he never came to court again in the late king's reign, because there was a greater man there than himself; nor did he ever make a visit in the country because he thought none there his equal.*

Mr. Cibber, the present poet-laureat, after the great success the Beggar's Opera had met with

with, was so stupid as to attempt something of the same kind, but unhappily mistook the subject. His new-fangled performance was called *Love in a Riddle*; and with much ado was brought upon the stage, where it made a shift to shew itself two nights, and then disappeared for ever. This performance was just the opposite of Gay's, which, by setting greatness and authority in a contemptible light, and vulgar vice and wickedness in an amiable one, had taken a whole nation, high and low, into a general applause; but when the contrast was tried, no body but the heir-apparent of the crown would venture to take virtue and innocence under their protection, and he was unable to support them. On the second night, tho' the late prince of Wales was present, the audience was no less clamorous and turbulent than they had been the night before; but Cibber was now necessitated at all events to silence them; and therefore quitting the actor for the author, he stepped forward to the pit, and with an address peculiar to himself, said, *Gentlemen, since I find you are not inclined that this play shall go forward, I give you my word that after this night it shall never be acted again; but in the mean time, I hope you will consider in whose presence you now are, and for that reason, at least, suspend for the present what farther marks of your displeasure you may imagine I have deserved.* At this there was a dead silence, and the play

went off afterwards uninterrupted, and with much greater applause than the author expected, tho' he never durst venture to bring it on again,

Having just mentioned the late prince of Wales, the reader will not be displeased with the following story. When his Royal Highness was viewing the curiosities of the Tower, in company with several of the young nobility, an old Warder that conducted them through the several apartments, among a vast variety of breastplates that were in the horse-armoury, pointed to one, the lower edge of which had been carried away by a slant shot of a cannon-ball, and with it, as the warder said, *part of the bowels and the rim of the man's belly that wore it ; notwithstanding which, being put under the care of a skilful surgeon, the man recovered, and lived ten years afterwards.* The company smiled at the gravity with which the Warder repeated his tale; and the prince, with a gracious condescension, and as much good-nature and pleasantry as if he had been talking with his equal, said, *I remember, father, to have read somewhere in a book, a story like yours, of a soldier who had his head cleft in two so dexterously by the enemy, that one half of it fell on one shoulder and the other half of it upon the opposite shoulder ; and yet on his comrade's laying his hands carefully under the two sides, clapping them* *nicely*

nicely together again, and binding them close with his handkerchief, the man did well, drank his pot of ale at night, and scarcely recollected that ever he had been hurt.—This similar story so seasonably applied, set all the company that attended his royal highness in a horse-laugh, which had such an effect upon the old Warder, that he never had the courage afterwards to tell his accustomed Story.

The late great duke of Marlborough, when he first commanded in Flanders, had neglected to equip his cavalry with the necessary piece of armour we have just been speaking of, till experience had convinced him of the use of it, and he saw with what security the enemy fought, entrenched as it were in their Cuirasses, against troops exposed to the danger of every pistol-ball. But before the next campaign, his Grace resolv'd to be provided; and accordingly dispatched General Cadogan home, with orders to procure at all events a sufficient number of breast-plates for the service of the horse, and to see them put on board, lest they should be neglected. The General went himself to the Tower to execute his commission, and under his own direction saw all the breast and back-plates that were fit for use in the armouries there properly fitted up, and with other military stores embarked. When they arrived, which was not till after his lordship had rejoined the
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army, the duke asked the general, what those back-plates were for? who reply'd, *that all the French cavalry wore such.*—Yes, says the duke, *they may probably want them; but I hope, the British troops will never shew their BACKS to an enemy.*

When the earl of Stair was ambassador at the court of France, immediately after the accession of his late majesty to the crown, his excellency made a most splendid appearance; and being a nobleman naturally inclined to gallantry and expence, soon became a great favourite with the ladies there, by whose intrigues he was enabled to discover secrets which otherwise might have escaped the penetration of the most vigilant and sagacious minister. In the management of the ladies whose favour he courted, he was forced to observe the greatest delicacy; Play, he perceived, was their predominant passion, and as he was equally inclined to that amusement, he easily obtained, by means of cards, many private conferences which he could not have indulged on any other pretence. The dutchess of Maine was one of those illustrious personages whom the earl took most pains to engage in his interest. She was passionately fond of play, of an inquisitive and busy temper, of vast capacity, and of a discernment so quick that it was no easy matter to impose upon her; she was among the number of ladies

dies too that affected to pry into the affairs of the cabinet, and who had gain'd an ascendancy over the then regent so far as not to be altogether ignorant of the most secret transactions of state. His excellency, by losing large sums with this lady, and upon all occasions paying her particular respect, had insensibly work'd upon her affections, but had reaped not the least advantage over her in point of politics, till an accident happened that brought about in an instant what he had long laboured at in vain. Being engaged as her partner at play, the run of luck turned against them, and the dutchess in the end was obliged to borrow of the earl a thousand pistoles. His excellency told her, he had yet twice that sum at her highness's service, and press'd her to continue play, which she absolutely refused. Next morning early she sent a message to the earl, desiring instantly to speak with him. It is no unusual thing in France for ladies to receive morning visits from gentlemen, in bed; neither was his excellency at all surpris'd when he found himself alone in the chamber of one of the princesses of the blood-royal; she spoke of the money she had borrowed, with some concern, as a matter she was very unwilling should take air; but his excellency interrupted her, by saying, *it was impossible it should, for he had already forgot it himself, and should never have recollected it again had not her highness put his* memory

memory upon the rack by refreshing it. Her highness made no reply, but enter'd into a discourse on politics, in which she discovered to him the project which the court of Sweden was meditating, in concert with France, for a descent upon England and Scotland, in favour of the royal house of Stuart ; by which timely discovery the whole scheme was defeated, and his excellency acquired the reputation of an able and active minister.

Peter Walters was one of those men who from a low beginning acquired an immense estate (chiefly) by attending to the follies and extravagancies of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, and taking the advantage of their necessities. He was first an under-steward to the late great earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the address to manage with such dexterity, that till his dying hour no man stood so well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The earl himself was a great user, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and disengaged, their custom was to confer notes, and then a question arose, which of them had pocketed the most peers ? Pope calls Walters, a person eminent in the wisdom of his profession as a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe conveyancer. It happened then one night, that Anthony Henley, who was a man remarkable for wit ; and this Peter Walters, who

who was as remarkable for money, met at an inn upon the road, and joined company. In the course of an evening's conversation Henley rallied his new companion sufficiently on his immoderate love of money, and his means of getting it; and Peter was no less severe upon Henley for his sovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of squandering it. At last, said Henley, *Every body knows, Walters, how you got your money, but I want to know how you got your wit?—* Why, said Peter, *I thank my stars, I'm not indebted to nature for a grain of it; but you must know, I have lately bought a good many estates of men of wit, and they gave me their wit into the bargain.*

The lord-lieutenant of Ireland having presented Dr. Sheridan, who was a keen sportsman, and loved shooting better than praying, to a Living in the country; the first Sunday he preached to his new parishoners happened to be the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne, and he undesignedly took these words for his text; *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* Tho' the sermon itself had nothing of politics in it, yet some people took occasion to represent him to his excellency as a disaffected person, and indeed his excellency was so much offended at the impropriety of the choice he had made of a subject, that he gave him to understand, he had no-

thing farther to expect. This was soon whispered about, and when it was told to Dr. Swift, who indeed loved him, but could not spare his jest, *Poor Sheridan, said he, is so true a marksman, that he has shot his preferment dead with a single text.*

Upon the restoration of king Charles II. the rev. Mr. Bull, (afterwards Bp) who had loyally and learnedly maintained his majesty's cause, while in exile, and had suffered for it, was presented by the king with a grant of his former living, which the lord-chancellor Hyde made some difficulty to confirm, as the then incumbent had no complaint preferr'd against him, either in point of loyalty or religion. Mr. Bull finding his pocket exhausted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing his majesty's humour, took occasion to whisper him one day as he was in company, *that he had just had his pocket pickt of all his money and had not a shilling left.—Well,* said the king, *and can't you tell the thief?—Why,* reply'd Bull, *if I may speak the truth, I have caught your majesty's hand in it ;* and out he pulls the grant. *What !* said his majesty, *are you not yet presented to your living?—No,* reply'd Bull, *nor ever shall either with the chancellor's consent or mine ; for neither of us would willingly displace your majesty's friend.* The king then gave him a recommendation to the chancellor for the next vacancy that happen'd worth his

acceptance ; which he immediately went and deliver'd, because, said he, *delays are dangerous*. The chancellor, in order to make a memorandum of it, ask'd his name. My name is *Bull*, answer'd he. *Bull!* said the chancellor, *Where are your horns?* Please your honour, reply'd Bull, the *Horns* always go along with the *Hyde*.

A clergyman of the present time, who is equal in point of wit and humour to any of his profession in former times, and for good sense, learning and polite conversation not inferior to the most accomplished of his contemporaries, by his unlucky frolicks lately made himself the subject of much mirth. But previous to the story, it must be remark'd, that the gentleman here spoken of has a more universal acquaintance and particular intimacy with the principal nobility and gentlemen of rank and eminence about the court, than perhaps, any person in the kingdom besides ; and as he makes it a rule never to ask a favour either for his friend or himself, he is, by keeping himself thus independent, equally acceptable wherever he goes ; and his conversation has the freer scope. He is an old batchelor ; yet the ladies are no less delighted with his conversation than the men ; as his only foible, if it may be called a foible, is in constantly turning the edge of his rally against those husbands, who having been some

time married, have failed in their endeavours to maternise their ladies. A nobleman of no less humour than himself, who having the worst side of the argument, had been frequently his Butt, yet never thought himself so happy as when he had his chaplain, (as he was pleased to call him, tho' not so in reality) with him, had long watch'd an opportunity to play him a trick, and to return him, as the proverb is, a Rowland for his Oliver; when, an accident happen'd that gratify'd his wish. The chaplain (for so we shall now call him) has a custom, whenever he finds himself dull or heavy, to throw himself into the cold-bath (if such there be) at whose house soever he is, and that refreshes him and recruits his spirits. The nobleman had observed this, and one day just before dinner seeing him preparing to strip, took care to assemble all the ladies in the great hall that fronted the cold-bath, and immediately set open the doors. No sooner did the chaplain plunge himself over head and ears, after his usual manner, but in went his cloaths along with him. The nobleman retir'd unperceiv'd, and acquainted the ladies with what he had done, who were no less pleased with the trick than himself; and after keeping him some time there to cool, retired, and order'd the footman to call him to dinner. The footman found him raking his cloaths out piece by piece from the water, and in a terrible dilemma; and instantly re-
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turned to acquaint his master with the gentleman's distress, who flew to his assistance. *I protest*, said the chaplain, *I have had the saddest mischance—in plunging into the water I have unluckily dragg'd my cloaths after me, and I have not a dry rag.*—The nobleman feign'd great concern and bustle, and order'd the servant instantly to fetch a warm blanket and slippers, and a cloth to dry him; and was himself the valet to wrap him up warm, and in that manner hurried him into the drawing-room next where the company were to dine. He had scarce sat down when the word was given for dinner. Every body was at table but the chaplain; but the nobleman's lady would not touch a morsel till he came. Then, said her lord, you must fetch him yourself; he's only in the next room—he scruples to come because of his dress. Nay, said her ladyship, I never knew him beautifully inclin'd before; and in she burst into the room, and with a laughing hallow, loud enough to be heard a mile, called all the company to see the chaplain. A peal of laughter ensu'd. To dinner he must come however; there was no resisting; he was threatened with violence if he did not dine in his new dress; and his most noble valet took care to sit down by him. His blanket was fastened about him with a skewer, and the figure he made was droll enough, and the company at dinner immoderately merry;

when all of a sudden a Rattatattatt at the door silenced their jollity. Word was instantly brought up that the countess of C— was just arrived, and was coming to dinner : at which the chaplain rising to retire, his valet slips out the skewer and down drops the blanket about his heels, leaving the picture of Adam in his primitive purity to the full view of a dozen ladies. The chaplain smook'd the prank, and vow'd not to die in his patron's debt.

A regiment of horse in K. William's time being quarter'd at Canterbury, and archbishop Tillotson being then at his palace in that city, invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner, giving them a day's notice beforehand. One of the cornets, an unlucky youth, whose turn it was to be upon duty, and who for that reason could not have the honour to attend the archbishop, thought of a stratagem to get himself off. A brother-officer, when the invitation came, happened to be on a party of pleasure and heard nothing of it; and therefore he took care to be the first to inform him; adding, that all were to be catechised that went, and those that were perfect were to dine with the bishop, but if any were not, the punishment was, to dine with the servants. *Then, by G—d, said the captain, I'll march out of town directly.*—*No,* reply'd the other, *if you'll mount guard for me, I'll go in*
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your room, for I am perfect enough. That he would do, he swore ; accordingly the youth went to dinner along with his brethren. His Grace, who was one of the politest churchmen of his time, and knowing very well the custom of the army, enquired of the colonel, Who the gentlemen were that were upon duty, intending to send them a separate invitation the next day. The colonel said, that captain Forbes, a Scots gentleman, was the only absent officer, who that day mounted guard by his own choice ; and then took occasion to relate the story ; with which the archbishop was highly diverted. His grace made no use of the hint however, but sent, as he had design'd, a servant to the absent gentleman, desiring his company by himself. The captain hurried to his friend, to know how he had come off, and whether he had best to go or not ; telling him that now the archbishop had sent a particular message to him, and he could not with good manners excuse himself. The cornet, by all means advised him to go, *For,* said he, *we were only asked a question or two, and all was over.* The captain, thus confirmed in his resolution, went accordingly ; and being introduced to his Grace, paid his civilities with some confusion, expecting every moment to be examined, and longing to have his task over. Sir, said the archbishop, *I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday.*

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The captain excused himself very politely, by representing the necessity of discharging the duties of his post. *May I crave your name,* said his grace. *Thomas,* reply'd the captain in a cold sweat. *What countryman?* said his Grace. *My godfathers and godmothers,* answer'd Forbes. *I do not mean to catechise you,* said the archbishop with a smile; *gentlemen of the army are apt to be witty with each other, but churchmen must not indulge it.* The captain was glad to find it a jest, and sat down with his Grace and laugh'd heartily.

The late king of Prussia, father to the present, was remarkable for a total neglect of dress, so that he was frequently mistaken as he travelled thro' his dominions, for an ordinary person; which he often did, as well to observe the temper of his subjects, as to make himself acquainted with their grievances. He wore generally a blue coat, little hat, and white worsted stockings; and seldom travelled in any other dress. It happened one day, as he passed through Brandenburg, upon one of his usual excursions, that he cast his eyes upon a young woman of a gigantic stature, being near seven foot high, at a village forty miles distant from Berlin. Such a sight as this never escaped his majesty unnoticed. He alighted from his horse, and caused her to be brought before him. He examined her as to her age and condition of life; and finding
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she was a poor shoemaker's daughter of nineteen, single, and unengaged ; he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier-guards, at Berlin, commanding him to cause the bearer to be instantly married to the tallest man in his corps, and to be sure to see the ceremony performed. This letter he diliver'd to the young woman, without acquainting her with the contents ; but making her a handsome present enjoin'd her on pain of the king's displeasure, to carry it as directed, and to deliver it into the general's own hand ; this done he proceeded on his journey. The girl having never been at Berlin, and not suspecting the person in the blue coat, who had given her the letter, to be the king, bargained with an old woman in the neighbourhood to carry the letter, at the same time charging her with the very same injunction to deliver it as she herself had just received from the gentleman in blue. The woman was true to her trust, and delivered the letter ; but the general on reading the contents, and viewing the person that brought it, was surpris'd. However, his majesty's orders were peremptory, and must be obey'd : the parties met and were married ; and the affair remain'd a mystery till his majesty's return to his capital ; when, the first persons he wanted to see were his handsome, new-married couple. He was astonish'd at the sight of the
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bride, and in a violent rage demanded how she came to practise such an abominable deceit? The old woman told him the truth; and lifting up her eyes to heaven, *acknowledged the goodness of Providence in bringing such a wonderful work of charity so unexpectedly about.*

In the year 1685, when king James II. came to the crown, a motion was made in parliament and put to the vote, Whether his majesty should be permitted to employ popish officers in his army, or not? This important question, on which the establishment of the protestant, or the popish religion in these kingdoms depended, came to a single vote, and was carried in favour of the former by a providential accident. A courtier, who was to watch every voter where the member had any employment under the king, observed one that had a regiment going to vote against the court; and seeing him, put him warmly in mind of his regiment. He made answer, *My brother died last night and left me 700l. a year*; which single vote gain'd a majority, and saved the protestant religion.

While the reverend Mr. Whiston, so well known in the learned world for his numerous writings, enjoy'd the living of Lowstoft, a fishing-town on the coast of Suffolk, the parish-officers came to him to set his hand to a
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licence for setting up a new alehouse; the justices having paid them that compliment as not to grant the licence without the consent of their minister. Mr. Whiston was of such temperance and sobriety that he looked upon all such houses as nurseries of vice; and therefore dismiss'd them, with this short answer, *That if they would bring him a paper to sign to pull down an alehouse, he would certainly sign it; but would never sign one to set up a chapel for the Devil.*

When Dr. Leigh was vice-chancellor of Oxford, application was made to him by several persons as well of the town as the university, in favour of a flying itinerant, who for the diversion of the inhabitants would undertake to fly from the top of the steeple of St. Mary's church into the adjoining meadows, if the vice chancellor would give him leave; but the doctor, with his usual pleasantry, said, *That every body should have his free consent to fly to the church, but he never would give leave for one to fly from it; and so dismiss'd the petitioners.*

The great bishop Stillingfleet, tho' one of the ablest divines that ever lived, yet was not without vanity, as will appear from the following story; a city divine, of good desert and preferment, but wanting still *more preferment*, applied himself to the bishop for his recom-

recommendation, which was then of the highest value at court. Mr. Bentley, (afterwards the famous Dr. Bentley) was at that time chaplain to the bishop; and was within hearing when among other things the city divine, in order to gain his suit, said, *That his lordship's character was so extraordinary, that if it were thought proper to have an universal bishop over the whole church, no man was so fit for it as his lordship.* Bentley was provoked at this extravagant flattery, but the old man was pleased with it, granted the recommendation desired, and otherwise befriended the flatterer. From whence Bentley drew this maxim; *Flatter but enough, and you'll conquer every body*; a maxim, of which he afterwards made good use.

Mr. Whiston, being one day in discourse with the late lord-chief-justice King, who was brought up at Exeter a rigid dissenter, a debate arose about signing articles which men do not believe, for the sake of preferment; which the chief-justice openly justify'd, because, said he, *we must not lose our usefulness for scruples.* Whiston, who was of quite an opposite opinion, ask'd his lordship, *If in their courts they allowed of such prevarication?* He answered, *They did not.* Then, said Whiston, *suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world, as my lord chief justice is in this, where are we then?*

About

About the year 1715, when Dr. Halley's scheme and other astronomical schemes of the great solar eclipse, which foretold the precise time of the beginning and ending of that eclipse, and that it would be total, was cried about every where in London, there happened to be a Mahometan envoy here, from Tripoli, who at first thought people distracted for pretending to know so very exactly when God Almighty would totally over-shadow the sun, which his own mussulmen were not able to do. He concluding thus, that God Almighty would never reveal so great a secret to us unbelievers, when he did not reveal it to those whom he esteemed true believers. However, when the eclipse came precisely as those schemes had foretold, he was then ask'd by lord Forfar, what he now thought of the matter? His answer was, *That they must have their intelligence from the devil; for he was sure that God would never correspond with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers were.*

The late archbishop Potter, before his promotion to the See of Canterbury, was recommended to the late queen as a person of great piety, learning, moderation, and without any marks of pride and vanity; but he was no sooner translated to Lambeth, than he was observed to take high and pontifical state upon him, and to carry his pomp and

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appearance farther than any of his predecessors; upon which, her majesty, who had been the sole instrument of his advancement, being acquainted with this sudden alteration in the archbishop's behaviour, made this reflection; *Happy, said she, is that man who is not made a worse christian by being made a bishop, but thrice happy is he who is not made a much worse christian by being made an archbishop.*

There is a story of a learned friar in Italy, famous for his piety and knowledge of mankind, who being commanded to preach before the pope at a year of jubilee, repaired to Rome a good while before the day appointed, to see the fashion of the conclave, and to accommodate his sermon the better to the solemnity of the occasion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, he, looking a long time about, at last cried out with a loud and vehement voice, three times, *St. Peter was a fool; St. Peter was a fool; St. Peter was a fool;* and then came down from the pulpit. Being afterwards questioned before the pope concerning the unsuitableness of this behaviour, he made this reply; *Surely, holy father, if a cardinal may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and living at ease, and wallowing in sloth and in luxury, seldom or never preaching; then certainly St. Peter was a fool,*
who

who took such a hard way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence and humiliation.

The late lord Stanhope, when he was made first commissioner of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, was questioned between jest and earnest by Mr. Walpole, who some years after that nobleman's death, succeeded to the same high offices, concerning the management of public money. His lordship, instead of justifying himself, made this reply; *You'll one day know, young man, that whenever you set your foot within the threshold of a court, you must be as great a rogue as ever was hang'd at Tyburn.* And some people were of opinion the earl was a true prophet.

The famous bishop Rundle, in his younger days, before he was made dean of Durham, was publicly accused of scepticism, and the then bishop of London, Gibson, was so well convinced of the truth of the charge, that he opposed his preferment in the church with all his weight. The reason of this suspicion arose from the company he kept, such as, Cannon, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Chub, Ven, and other free thinkers, of whom there arose a formidable body at that time, which in point of learning have never been equalled by their successors since. What the bishop endeavoured to prove was, some words

spoken negatively by Rundle concerning Abraham's offering up Isaac ; which he represented as a tacit denial of the authority of the bible. The matter was debated in council, when lord Harrington who opposed the bishop, told him frankly, that he could see no such mighty matter in it if Rundle did say the words charged upon him ; *for*, added his lordship, *if I had been a justice of peace in the days of Abraham, and had seen him about to offer up his son for a sacrifice, I should certainly have laid him by the heels.*

Dr. Cannon being once ask'd by Whiston, after having signed the thirty-nine articles and joined with the Athanasian Creed, How one that believed so very little could join in a thing so very absurd, when he himself had absolutely refused so to do ; answer'd smartly, *What is one man's meat is another man's poison, Mr. Whiston.*

Some of the readers of this little book will not be displeased to find in it the following curious Anecdote concerning the discovery of the Newtonian philosophy. Sir Isaac began his philosophical studies upon the Cartesian principles, which then were almost universally adopted ; but a thought starting into his mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which . . . knew al-
ways

ways tended to go along a strait line, the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call Gravity; taking this postulat-um, which had been thought of before, *that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's center.* Upon Sir Isaac Newton's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be 60 measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use. He was in some degree disappointed, and the power that restrain'd the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected, had it been the power of gravity alone, by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity, and partly that of the Cartesian vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies. However, some time afterwards, when Mons. Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was $69\frac{1}{2}$ such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, stumbled upon this old imperfect calculation; and correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the

moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's center, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity ; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to 60 semidiameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopt, and she was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity, which was therefore no other power than gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural, or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c. the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually. Which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

Victor Amadeus, the late king of Sardinia, had governed that kingdom with great wisdom for many years, when he at last formed a resolution of resigning the crown in favour of his son, the present reigning monarch ; which he accordingly did, Sept. 30, 1730, contrary to the advice of his ministers, and against the remonstrances of the prince himself, who conjured him to keep the reins of government in his own hands till death
should

should put a period to his dominion. His secret motive for this step, was, that he might retire, and wear out the remainder of his life in dalliance with the countess of Sebastian, whom he had resolved to marry ; but the reasons declared in the act of demission were, the fatigues of a long reign, and the infirmities of age. After this ceremony the old king set out with his mistress for Chamberry, the place he had chosen for his residence. But whether he grew tired of dalliance, or was instigated by the ambitious views and sollicitations of the countess his wife, he soon entertained thoughts of re-ascending the throne ; and for that end wrote secretly to several of his former favourites, who carried his letters to the new king. His majesty, willing to make his father easy, paid him a visit at Chamberry ; but found him much out of temper. Charles, however, (for that is the present king's name) desired the countess of Sebastian to employ her good offices to pacify him, offering any thing to content him ; but adding, *As my father has made me king, king I will be.* The lady promised him fair, but had no intention of keeping her word. Soon after Charles's return to Turin, Victor wrote him word, that the air of Chamberry did not agree with him, and desired leave to reside at Montcalier ; but without waiting for an answer, set out for that castle. The young king was not dis-
pleased

pleased to have him under his eye ; but the ministry finding the old king resolute to remount the throne, advised him to confine him, which with great difficulty he consented to do ; but in signing the order his hand shook so, that the secretary was obliged to guide it. In consequence of this order the count de la Perouse arrested the old king at Montcalier, and conducted him to the castle of Rivoli. At his departure he asked only for three things ; his wife, his papers, and his snuff-box ; but only could obtain the last. He was treated at Rivoli with great respect by the officers appointed to guard him, but no body was allowed to see him. He died there in 1732, aged about sixty-six.

About the latter end of last sessions a bill passed in parliament in favour of foreign Jews, in order to encourage such of them as were rich to come and settle in England, by enabling them to be naturaliz'd without baptism or the sacramental test. This gave offence to many, who thought so great an indulgence to the enemies of Christ, was giving them an undue preference to protestant dissenters, who are neither allowed to be naturalized, if foreigners, nor to enjoy any offices in the state if natives, without these qualifications ; not sufficiently considering, that baptism and the sacrament of the Lord's supper are rites acknowledged by all christians, and that the
form

form of administration is the only point in dispute with them ; whereas the whole ceremony is so utterly inconsistent with the principles of the Jewish religion, that they must renounce the latter, or not submit to the former ; a restraint which must necessarily keep every conscientious Jew at a distance, and which it was undoubtedly good policy to remove. Mr. R——, member for C—t—y, was one of those gentlemen who was of this way of thinking, and who consequently voted in favour of the bill ; but after the sessions was over, returning home and thinking to pay his respects to his constituents, upon his first arrival, he repaired to an inn where he was informed a great number of them were to dine ; and being admitted to the room where the company met, with his usual frankness said, *He thought himself extremely happy at his first coming amongst them, to find so many of his worthy friends together, and would do himself the honour, with their permission, to dine with them ;* but the reception he met with was very different to what he expected. One of the company for the rest reply'd, *That indeed he could not dine with them, for they had nothing but Pork for dinner, and they knew that Jews had an aversion to Pork.*

Mr. ——, member for B——stol, met a rebuke no less severe from a quaker of that city, who being upon change there when
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Mr. — made his public appearance, he saluted him as he did many others with the common civilities of friendship, by asking kindly concerning the welfare of himself and family. The quaker made no reply, and the member repeated his compliments; the quaker was still as silent as before; on which Mr. — ask'd, if he did not hear him? *Yes, friend*, said he, *I heard thee; but I don't understand Hebrew.*

During the reign of the late king George, while Sir Richard Steele had the direction of his majesty's company of comedians, plays were frequently acted in the Great Hall of the palace at Hampton-Court, for the diversion of the royal family. One day his majesty had order'd Shakespear's *Harry the 8th*, which is no other than a sort of dramatic chronicle of an old English court, to be presented before him: and when it was over, the earl of Sunderland meeting Sir Richard in the Collonade, and asking him gravely, how the king liked it, reply'd with his usual humour, *So terribly well, my lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my actors! for I was not sure the king would not keep them to fill the posts at Court, he saw them so fit for in the Play.*

Mr. J—ph Cl—, a person noted for his humour and genteel address, but inclin'd to be

be a little too free upon certain occasions, when the current of wit flows too strong for him to resist, happened to dine one day at the tavern, and to sit next a gentleman who had his hair tied up in a knot. This was too fair an occasion to miss, tho' the gentleman was a stranger to him, and so lifting up the lock, and playing with it in his hand, *Is this Lock upon human Understanding, Sir,* said J-e? The gentleman looked sternly at him, and in wrath was pulling out his sword, when the glittering of the blade so terrify'd our punster, that it disarm'd him of wit, and fill'd him with compunction. Down he dropt upon his knees, and with a tone of voice that rais'd both mirth and pity, *Pray, Sir, don't be angry, I meant no manner of harm, indeed I didn't; my name is J—e Cl—, I never mean any thing. I'm the noted Fool of Fl—t—t, and every body knows I mean Nothing.* The gentleman's wrath was turned into merriment, and J—e recovering from his fright, diverted the company the whole afternoon with many smart Turns.

There is a story of the memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford, otherwise called *Funny Joe*, which has something of humour and mischief in it, pertinent enough to the occasion; which was this. After the murder of K. Charles I. a commission was appointed to survey the king's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes to that ma-
nor

nor belonging ; and Collins, under a feigned name, hired himself as Secretary to the commissioners ; who upon the 13th of October, 1649, met, and took up their residence in the king's own rooms ; his majesty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the presence-chamber was the place where they sat for the dispatch of business. His majesty's dining-room they made their wood-yard and stored it with the wood of the famous royal-oak from the High park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and split and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they sat on the 16th of the same month for the dispatch of business ; and in the midst of their first debate, there enter'd a large black dog (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturn'd two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed, and vanish'd ; this gave them the greater surprise as the doors were kept constantly lock'd, so that no real dog could get in or out ; the next day their surprise was increased, when sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, tho' they well knew the doors were all lock'd, and there could be no body there ; presently after they heard also all the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown

with

with great violence into the presence-chamber; as also all the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; their own papers of the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink-glass broken. When all this noise had some time ceased, Giles Sharp, their secretary, proposed to enter first into these rooms; and in presence of the commissioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood spread about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glass broken, (as has been said) but not the least tract of any human creature, nor the least reason to suspect one, as the doors were all fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. It was therefore unanimously agreed, that the power who did this mischief, must have entered the room at the key-hole. The night following, Sharp, the secretary, with two of the commissioners servants, as they were in bed in the same room, which room was contiguous to that where the commissioners lay, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with so much violence as shook the whole house, and more than ever terrify'd the commissioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the same room for greater safety, and lights burning by them, the candles in

an instant went out with a sulphurous smell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which next morning were found to be the same their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, tho' not a lock was found opened in the whole house. The next night they still fared worse, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours beds were rattled to and fro with great violence, their honours received many cruel blows and bruises by eight great pewter-dishes and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off were heard rolling about the room; tho' in the morning none of these were to be seen. This night likewise they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noises, but all was clear in the morning as if no such things had happened. The next night the keeper of the king's house and his dog, lay in the commissioners room, and then they had no disturbance. But on the night of the 22d, tho' the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick-bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteously, their bed-cloaths were all stripped off, and their terror increased. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bed-sides, they counted sixty-four billets that

that fell, and some hit and shook the beds in which they lay ; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night, the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard ; and one of the servants running to see if his master were not kill'd, found three dozen trenchers laid smoothly under the quilt by him ; but all this was nothing to what succeeded afterwards ; the 29th about midnight the candles went out, something walked majestically through the room and opened and shut the window ; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some of which fell on the beds, others on the floor ; and at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours room gathered up the great stones, four-score in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr. Plot's time, who reports this story, they were to be seen. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, the commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cry'd out for help ; and Giles Sharp snatching up a sword, had well-

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nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came in his shirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house was stript off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th at midnight, something walked into the chamber treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor; at the same time a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with great stones and horses bones came pouring into the room with uncommon force; these were all found in the morning to the astonishment and terror of the commissioners, who were yet determined to go on with their business. But on the first of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued; candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed about by it even into their honours beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground; about an hour after, the candles went out as usual, the crack as of many cannon was heard, and many pailsful of green stinking water were thrown upon their honours beds; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads

torn

torn and broken, the windows shatter'd, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the most dreadful noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren were so terrify'd that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and, *in the name of God, ask'd what it was, and why it disturbed them so?* No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and as they all agreed, *brought with it seven devils worse than itself.* One of the servants now lighted a large candle and set it in the door-way, between the two chambers, to see what pass'd; and as he watched it he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff, scraped it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword, but he had scarce got it out, when he felt another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst like the discharge of the broad-side of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such, these shook the house so violently that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neigh-

bours on this, as has been said, being all alarmed, flock'd to the house in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and psalm-singing; during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannons was heard as from without, tho' no visible agent was seen to discharge them. But what was the most alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happen'd the next day as they were all at dinner, when, a paper in which they had signed a mutual agreement to reserve a part of the premises out of the general survey, and afterwards to share it equally amongst 'em, (which paper they had hid for the present, under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange-tree grew) was consumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue fume, and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

[This wonderful contrivance was all the invention of Funny Joe, as we have already said, who having hired himself for secretary, under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the house, and the help of Pulvis Fulminans, and other chemical preparations, and letting his fellow-servants into the scheme, carry'd on the de-

ceit

ecit to the very last, without discovery, inso-
 much that the late Dr. Plot, in his Natural
 History, relates the whole for fact, and con-
 cludes in this grave manner; ‘ That tho’
 ‘ tricks have been often play’d in affairs of
 ‘ this kind, many of the things above re-
 ‘ lated, are not reconcileable with juggling ;
 ‘ such as, the loud noises beyond the power
 ‘ of man to make, without such instruments
 ‘ as were not there ; the tearing and break-
 ‘ ing the beds ; the throwing about the fire ;
 ‘ the hoof treading out the candle ; and the
 ‘ striving for the sword, and the blow the
 ‘ man received from the pummel of it.’ *Yet*
all this, Funny Joe accomplished without any pre-
ternatural assistance.]

After sentence of death had been pro-
 nounced against king Charles I. endeavours
 were still used by his friends to save his life ;
 and among the rest, Col. John Cromwell, a
 near relation of Oliver’s, was employ’d for
 that purpose. It was well known that Oliver
 would put no faith in the king, because he
 had once before deceived him ; and therefore
 the colonel was dispatch’d to Holland with
 certain papers to be ratify’d by the States-
 General. The colonel succeeded in his com-
 mission, and soon returned with Credential
 Letters from the States of Holland, whereto
 was added a blank, with the king’s signet,
 and another with the prince’s, both confirmed
 by

by the States, and directed to Cromwell, for him to set down his own conditions, if he would now save his majesty's life; for the due performance of which conditions, the States held their faith engaged. With these dispatches the colonel waited upon Oliver, and with difficulty obtain'd an audience. After the first ceremonies had past, the colonel desired to speak a few words with him in private, and began with much freedom to set before him the heinousness of the fact then about to be committed, and to tell him with what detestation it was looked upon abroad; adding, *That of all men living he never could have imagined, he would have had any hand in such an act, who, in his hearing, had protested so much for the king.* To this Cromwell answered, *It was not his doings, but the army's; but supposing it was.* said he, *and that I had once thought favourably of the king, yet times are alter'd now, and Providence seems to order things otherwise.* He added, *That he had pray'd and fasted for the king, but no return that way was yet made to him.* Upon this, the colonel stept a little back, and suddenly shut the door, which made Cromwell apprehend he was going to be assassinated; but the other pulling out his papers, said to him, *Cousin, this is no time to trifle with words; see, here it is in your own power not only to make yourself, but your family, relations, and posterity happy and honourable for ever; otherwise, as*
they

they have changed their name before from Williams to Cromwell, so now they must be forced to change it again ; for this fact will bring such an ignominy upon the whole generation of them, that no time will be able to deface. At this Cromwell paus'd a little, and then said, Cousin, I desire you will give me till night to consider of it ; and do you go to your lodging, but not to bed, till you hear from me. The colonel did accordingly, and about one in the morning a messenger was sent to tell him, he might go to rest, and expect no other answer to carry to the king ; for the council of officers had been seeking God, as he also had done himself, and it was resolved by them all that the king must die.

Every body has heard of admiral Blake, who perhaps carried the honour of his country to as high a pitch as any man that ever liv'd : one instance of which deserves to be written in indelible characters upon the heart of every British subject. This great officer being at Malaga with his fleet, some of his seamen out of curiosity went on shore at a time when the host was carrying about the streets, as is usual in all catholic countries upon every grand festival ; but instead of behaving with that decency which serious men ought in a foreign country, they not only refused to pay any honours to the blessed image themselves, but laugh'd at those that did ; than
which

which there could not be a grosser affront. One of the priests fired with holy zeal on the supposed indignity cast upon his God, inspired the people with resentment against the scoffers, so that they fell furiously upon them and drove them to their ships, not without some loss of blood on both sides. The sailors complain'd to their commander of the usage they had met with from the townsmen, and one and all petitioned for leave to take their own revenge. But the admiral promised them satisfaction in a more honourable way; accordingly he instantly dispatch'd a trumpeter to the governor of the town to demand the priest who had been the chief promoter of the tumult. The governor return'd for answer, That he had no authority over the priests, and therefore could not comply with the admiral's demand. But Blake sent word back, That he would not enquire who had the power to send the priest to him, but if he were not sent within three hours, he would burn the town. Upon this resolute message, the governor thought proper to deliver up the priest; who with fear and trembling appear'd before the admiral, expecting no other than to be hang'd that instant upon the yard-arm. But Blake thought fit to hear what he had to say in justification of his conduct. The priest very naturally laid the blame of all the mischief upon the rude behaviour of the seamen, who had ridicul'd one
of

of the most solemn rites of their most holy church. Blake answered, That if he had complained to him of the insult, he would have punished severely the authors of it ; since he would not allow his men to affront the establish'd religion of any place at which he might have occasion to touch ; but he took it heinously, that he should spirit up the Spaniards to such insolence ; for he would have all the world to know, *That an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman.* However, he civilly treated the priest and dismissed him, being satisfied he had him in his power. Cromwell was exceedingly pleased with this incident, and read the letters in council which gave an account of it, with uncommon satisfaction, adding, *that he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as much revered as ever was that of an old Roman.*

Mr. Whiston, every one knows, was a man of great learning, a voluminous writer, a good mathematician, and strongly inclined to be a reformer of the church. This conceited vanity of his exposed him to many inconveniences, and he sacrificed all his preferments both in the church and college to a fanciful humour of restoring primitive christianity, by endeavouring to introduce the apostolical constitutions of the two first centuries of the christian æra upon the same footing with the four Gospels, and by denying the Divinity of Christ

Christ. He affected besides, a more than ordinary skill in expounding the prophecies of the Old and New Testament; and on that foundation he ventured to foretel the precise time of the commencement of the Millenium and the calling of the Jews; which period having nicely computed, he himself happily outliv'd, and having review'd his calculation, and corrected his error, again outlived his second prediction; but at length upon another review, he fixt it to the year 1766, which he was not likely to live to see. Upon these circumstances a story was raised, That having a small estate to dispose of, he offer'd it to sale to a gentleman who was well acquainted with the obstinacy with which he maintained his opinion in these matters; and having ask'd the gentleman *thirty years* purchase for it, which was no more than the current price about the year *twenty*, the gentleman appeared astonish'd. Mr. Whiston demanding the reason of his surprise, as he had ask'd no more than other people gave? *I don't wonder at other people, said the gentleman, because they know no better; but I am surpris'd that you should ask thirty years purchase, when you know that in half that time all mens properties will be in common, and no man's estate will be worth a groat.*

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



